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Ole Zeke

By George W. Dennis

Here is the best animal story written in the last 10 years.

CHICAGO LEDGER

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Little Odd Story of the Week--No. 10

A Fool and His Wife

By O. O. Orange

THE younger man spoke bitterly. "I suppose I deserve to be kicked into the army and shipped out of the country on $30 a month, but, just the same I am mad in love with her. She's a fever in my blood, as the old poet says, and I'll never get her out till I spill the last drop in my heart."

The other idly drew on his cigar. "Yes, women are fever, and the only cure is—marriage."

The boyish face of the first speaker resented this cynical remark. "No; there you're wrong! I'd love her even more dearly if she were my wife, for I wouldn't feel all the time like a cad." The frank eyes flinched. "It hurts to know that my love would disgrace her, should the world learn of it, for she's another man's wife."

"Another man's wife!" The older man fell into a strange musing, but, suddenly arousing himself, refilled first his companion's glass, then his own. "That she's another man's wife is a great objection and danger, but not necessarily an unsurmountable obstacle. She has ceased to love her husband, as she has confessed to you, and loves you instead, while you in turn"—the speaker smiled more charitably than cynically—"you love her better than money, fame. Well, I don't see but what you have rights in the matter to offset her husband's claim of prior preemption. Besides, you know, a fool and his wife are soon parted."

The younger man started up from his chair. "Do you mean it? You really think that I have some claims that are honorable?"

"With due reservation, I would say that you have claims that are honorable, tho not lawful. You see, I make a distinction where the moralist would not. I hold that the written law is not the whole and sole text of honor, and that there are times when an act may be honorable without being lawful. However, it's rash business, this giving advice to a hot-headed young Romeo like you."

"By heaven!" cried the other, "you make me dizzy with hope. If I could believe that I were not a despicable cad in taking her from her husband, I'd fly with her tonight. And, thank God, she would go with me!"

The older man turned his wine glass about meditatively. "You have never seen her husband, you say?"

"Never! She has forbidden me meeting him, for she fears I would do something rash. Make a fool of myself, I suppose," the speaker added, moodily.

"She's a wise little woman," smiled the older man. "I rather admire her acuteness. Without a question, should you meet her husband, you would make a consummate ass of yourself."

"Thanks! I admit it."

"No offense, my boy. However, her husband must be taken into account, tho she has ceased to love him. He may be a fool and a coward, and you can steal the rose without carrying the thorn in your skin the rest of your days. Again, he may be a fiend incarnate for jealousy and rage. Better go slow."

"No, no!" cried the young man. "If you're a friend, advise anything but delay!"

"Why, in case it's that serious," smiled the other, then paused to sip his wine with evident enjoyment.

"In that case—go on!"

"Why, it stands this way with me. You say the lady is willing, and Lord knows you are willing. Good! there is a clear majority of one over her husband, and if the majority rules in politics, which is greater than love, why not in love also?"

The younger man seized the other's hand and wrung it fervently. "For this advice, my eternal thanks! I'll be d—d for it, I know, and I richly deserve all I get, but with her in my arms I don't care!"

The other smiled. "Good night, my boy! Better go home and to bed, and think it over. It's one thing to advise a friend, and quite another to take the blame if the advice proves ill-chosen."

The younger man laughed gayly. "Here's to the present hour—and Her!"

But the older man had fallen into a reverie, scarcely noticing the other as he lingered a moment to say good night before quitting the clubroom.

It was a strange reverie, that of the man now left alone. It carried him back to five years before. He stood again on the deck of a swift-sailing steamer, just putting out to sea from a foreign slip. Beside him stood a woman, with great dark eyes and slender, girlish waist. Suddenly a gray-haired, hatless man rushed down to the wharf and shouted and gesticulated like a madman after the vanishing steamer. The lovely form beside him had trembled with alarm, but he had whispered: "Courage! no one here knows that he is your husband, and the hour we touch American soil I will make you my wife. Courage, my great queen!"

The wharf, with that gesticulating figure, soon faded into the receding horizon, and the open sea laughed sunny and blue around them.

Ah! how happy they had been for five years, and tonight she was waiting for him in their home, with the same great, dark, love-lit eyes, and the same slender girlish waist.

He came from his reverie with a sigh—a sigh of exquisite happiness—and looked at his watch. He had been dreaming a full hour. He bought another cigar and left.

The boyish face of his late companion came distinctly to his mind's eye.

"Somehow I cannot choose but like the young fellow," he soliloquized; "and if another man's wife has brought me so much happiness, why should not another man's wife bring him like happiness. Let them have one another, for love belongs to the lovers and *not* to the law!"

A white-faced servant looked into the room, and seeing the clubman hurried forward.

"Oh, sir, pardon me, if I am mistaken; but I fear, sir——" The speaker hesitated, with shaking knees.

"Well, what is it, Joe?"

"Your wife, sir! She is gone!"

"My wife! Gone! Where?"

"In the cars—with a young gentleman."

"You lie!"

"For God's sake, don't strike me, sir! I am only trying to do my duty. I had my suspicions about this young gentleman, and when I found a note——"

"Who is the man? Quick, you stuttering fool!"

"It was the young gentleman that you like to talk with here, sir, after your game of pool!"

The clubman reeled back with ashen face. "My God! then the woman he loves is my wife!"

He lunged heavily against the table, clutching at his heart and staring before him with fallen jaw.

A Love Ditty.

This is the path where we walked,
You and I.
This is the seat where we talked,
You and I.
While our hearts seemed to sing
Like the robins in spring,
When they mate in the beautiful weather.

This is the tree where we kissed,
You and I.
Never thought one would be missed,
You and I.
While the moon's mellow light
When we whispered good night
Seemed to draw our two hearts close together.

And this is the rock where we "fought,"
You and I;
And then made it up, as we ought,
You and I.
While the brook seemed to say
As it babbled away:
"Some love is light as a feather."

—Clare Fitzhugh Rhines.

The Lady at the Store.

"MY GOODNESS!" ejaculated the little girl, who had been sent for bread. "The lady at the store had the awfulest time wrapping up these things! I think she is new at it, and one of the loaves is round and the other is oblong, and she simply couldn't do it right! But I guess it is hard when the loaves are not the same size and shape."

"It oughtn't to be," retorted the big brother of the little girl. "The fellow at the Universal Bazaar can wrap up any number of things. It doesn't make any difference to him what they are. He can wrap up a water pitcher and a dozen eggs and a cantaloupe and a jar of beans. He can wrap them up separately or all together. He could wrap up a buzz saw and a ouija board and a goldfish bowl all together if he wanted to. The shape of things doesn't make any difference to him. He can wrap up round things, jagged-edged articles, square articles and articles with long-shaped legs, and never have any of the jags or legs stick out or protrude from the rest of the parcel. He could wrap up an umbrella and a toy balloon——"

"Well, everybody can't be as accomplished as that man," said the father of the family. "In fact, I doubt if anybody else in the world can equal your friend in his own particular line of endeavor. Nor do I argue that his accomplishment isn't a great and useful one. I do not belittle it, but I do state that it is uncommon.

"To my mind, to be able to wrap up clothing, shirts and washing and things like that, without letting a distracted shirt sleeve escape and wave a greeting to passersby, is some accomplishment. To wrap up anything and use all the wrapping paper without allowing great accumulations of it to lap over and lump and bulge, and yet to have plenty of paper to cover everything, is in itself a feat worthy of a geometrician or a sleight-of-hand man."

"Well, the lady in the bakery couldn't do it," insisted the little girl. "She tried the paper six different ways, and she always found that it didn't come out smooth or even. And when she went to tie the parcel up she had a lot of trouble with the string. She held one end of the string between her teeth while she threw the bundle around and tied with her two hands. She got the string wound around the knob of her hair and behind her ears, and once she lost it around her nose, and she looked awfully cross-eyed trying to find it! Gee! I had to laugh! And then she got mad."

"I don't blame her," declared the father, sympathetically. "She had good reason to get mad. It seems to me that she was quite slow to anger."

To Make Sure.

IN A village off the beaten track a weather-tanned old countryman underwent a minor operation. The stitches were put in wrong, and the patient had to be chloroformed again to have them taken out. When he came to the second time, he said: "Is it all right?" "I think so," said the doctor. "If there's any doubt," said the countryman, "put buttons on me."

Is This Your Type?

By MARIE LA ROQUE

Are Your Eyes Far Apart?

The Far-Apart Eyes Painted by Greuze.

THE correct distance between the eyes, so they say, is the length of one eye. If your eyes are set further apart than that—much further—you may be an imbecile, because authorities say that eyes set too far apart are a sign of imbecility. Or you may be a George Washington. In any portrait you may see of the father of his country or in any pen picture written by one who saw him, one of the most striking things about his face, you will see, is the distance between the eyes, which was greater than the ideal or the average. Then there was Peter the Great, who has a striking distance between his eyes. Torquato Tasso had strikingly far-apart eyes, and in the face of the great naturalist, Agassiz, the unusual distance between the eyes seemed to indicate his great powers of seeing things about him, his ability to observe what others left unobserved. With Robert Louis Stevenson this same characteristic adds a look of perpetual boyishness—something that you would expect in the man who wrote "Treasure Island" and refused to put aside the imagination of a child even in the face of misfortune and intense suffering. Maude Adams has wide-apart eyes—something that makes her face so charming when she plays the role of Peter Pan.

The stock saying is that if your eyes are far apart you have a long memory, and that if they are near together you are crafty and cruel. Maybe so. And there is no proof that any of the celebrities mentioned above didn't or have not excellent memories. However, we would hardly say that it was entirely because of their great powers of memory that they gained success. One physiognomist says that "space between the eyes indicates the organ of form or power of correctly judging local distance and conditions." Perhaps that is why Washington was a good surveyor, and why he was so successful in predicting where and when the British would fail even when they did not know themselves.

Among painters you will perhaps find no better delineator of the far-apart eyes than Greuze, the eighteenth century French painter, whose charming women are still immensely popular, even tho we do accuse him of being dreadfully sentimental. It is said that he knew how to paint only one type of woman, "a blonde beauty with an arch face and an elegant but well-developed form." You will notice that almost always her eyes are set far apart, and this adds to the piquancy of the face, giving it a sort of childlike innocence which is usually contradicted by the general pose and bearing of the figure.

Raphael's Sistine Madonna was an idealization of the Donna Velata, a charming Italian lady of Raphael's day, who had eyes set far apart, eyes which according to one admirer of this justly popular Madonna "have the peculiar far-sighted look which gives saintliness to the expression."

Barrie likes wide-apart eyes. If he had not he never would have put them in the head of Grizel. It may be that one reason why Maude Adams has been so successful in portraying Barrie's women is because she is of this type. Of Grizel in "Tommy and Grizel," Barrie says: "Her eyes at least were beautiful, they were unusually far apart, and let you look straight into them and never quivered, they were such dear, gray, searching eyes, they seemed always to be asking for the truth."

Next Week: Is Your Chin Dimpled?

OLE ZEKE

by

George W. Dennis

Torn in a Dozen Places, Winded and Alone, Rex Charged the Powerful Lion.

HAD you attempted, before that day, to convince Lem Goodman that a mountain lion was no more than "human," that man could not, with discretion, assume that he was at all times safe from assault by that yellow skulker of the Rockies, Lem would have listened tolerantly and then answered, as any of his ilk would have answered:

"A mountain lion is afraid of man."

On the evening of that day, late in the fall of his first year on the North Fork homestead, Lem rested at the foot of the last rise between his home and the face of Storm Mountain where he had spent the afternoon hunting for meat. Had you overtaken him there and asked:

"Is it true, Lem, that a mountain lion won't attack a man?" Lem would, in all probability, have looked anxiously along the back trail to Storm Mountain and answered:

"Well, now, I ain't so sure."

The old she cat had not exactly attacked him. He had seen her coming while fifty yards of precipitous gulch still lay between them and by a desperate effort had succeeded in backing out of her den before she could trap him there like a rat in a hole. Then, too, she had hesitated just a second when she might have hurled herself upon his defenseless, prostrate body. The four kittens writhing beside him now in a bag improvised from their late mother's hide were evidence that that brief hesitation had been sufficient to enable him to reach his rifle and finish her off. Nevertheless, it had been a close call, and Lem's faith in mountain lions was shaken.

This was not Goodman's first encounter with a member of that always evident, rarely seen, tribe of sheep-killing prowlers. On one occasion, with the aid of dogs, he had tracked an old meat-gorged cat and shot her out of a dead tree. Once he had seen a tom drag down a half-grown elk, and, unarmed, had frightened the old fellow away and confiscated his kill. And on one or two occasions, memorable because so rare, he had heard one of these habitually silent hunters give voice to his pent-up feelings and had seen man and beast respond to his cry with anxious and respectful silence. His was not like "the scream of a woman in distress" so vividly described by many chroniclers, but more as tho some prowling alley cat had called his eery, nocturnal invitation into the mouthpiece of a gigantic electric amplifier and had sent the resulting sound plunging down wild, rocky canyons, echoing and re-echoing from sheer granite cliffs.

Such a cry now roused Rancher Goodman from his reverie. He heard the long wail thru because while it lasted he lost the power to move. It was as tho the powerful cat had put his muzzle to the ground, like a black-tail buck in the mating season, and, opening his mouth, had saturated air and earth for miles in all directions with rolling, crashing sound.

A lone coyote, tuning up to invite himself to a chicken dinner, suddenly lost voice and appetite and skulked away to his den. A bawling calf fell silent and huddled close to its mother for protection. Goodman, lifting the tell-tale bundle to his shoulders, noticed for the first time that night had come and that his trail to the top of the saddle was dark.

"Hear anything, Lem?" he questioned himself, in an attempt to break the dead silence that followed the cat call.

"Yeh. That'd be the tom jest gettin' home and findin' the old gal skun out along with the kittens."

He chuckled at his own wit and because chuckling seemed to lessen the strain he chuckled again. In time he might have worked up a normal, hearty laugh, but before he was well out of the chuckling stage the cat sang out again and froze the sickly grin on his face. The sound so completely filled the air that it would have been the merest guesswork to attempt to locate its origin within a mile or so, but Goodman was convinced that while the first cry had come from the face of Storm Mountain, the last one came from below him.

"Hear that, Lem? Sounds like he's comin' our way.

"What of it? A mountain lion won't attack a man.

"Maybe not, but he might attack this fresh cat hide and it'd be a man's hard luck if he was just underneath it. Hadn't we better hang it up in a tree and leave it till morning?

"Shucks!" answered the bold hunter to his more cautious self. But he gripped his rifle tighter and lengthened his already goodly stride in order to reach the top of the saddle and the sight of home before another yawl should shake his nerve.

Puffing from the exertion, red in the face and sweating, he gained the saddle. There below him, less than a mile away, were the lights of home. Confidence returned at the sight of them. He could have shouted his relief and would have done so but the shout died in his throat, or rather, was drowned in the third cry that came, unmistakably this time, from a point not three hundred yards down his back trail. That it was the same lion he had no doubt, but this cry was as unlike the other two as it was unlike "the wail of a woman in distress." It was a long drawn, rasping, throat-tearing cough, at once a challenge and a warning. To the now more than frightened rancher it meant only one thing; that this voicy cat, trailing him like a Nemesis, has just caught the scent of his young ones and smelled the blood of his murdered mate. Goodman expected any moment to see the beast flash out of the darkness to avenge the devastation of his home.

With no further argument, pro or con, regarding the habits of a mountain lion, he dropped his load to the ground and, undaunted by the fate of the Spartan youth of old, transferred the kittens to the inside of his roomy "tunic," hung the pelt in the limbs of a nearby pine and made tracks for home. Considering the distance from the cache to the kitchen door, those tracks were remarkably few and widely scattered.

It took many years of experience and added knowledge to convince Goodman that gastronomical rather than parental instincts were responsible for the fuss made by the cat that trailed him home. He learned that, like his domesticated cousin, the male lion is an unnatural father and but for the care of the mother in hiding them and her valor in protecting them few kittens would escape early death in the jaws of the jealous tom.

II.

IN A large cage close to the Goodman stable the four kittens lapped up quantities of fresh milk and grew rapidly. With their growth the spots disappeared from their hides and they took on the characteristic markings of the mature lion. By spring the largest of the four was almost as big as Rags, the young, so-called, sheep dog of the ranch and more than a match for him in their numerous scraps. In this particular kitten seemed to flare up the age-old hatred of the cat for the dog. The first time Rags visited the cage he was sent yelping back to the house with five bleeding scratches down the length of his nose.

They named this kitten Scratchcat and almost daily, to the distress of man or beast, he demonstrated the fitness of his name. Rags, being scarcely more than a puppy, soon forgot his injured nose and made further advances, but confined his overtures largely to the other three kittens, who were not so outspoken in their dislike. He had a good heart and might have made some headway had he not, like the humans w-

whom he associated, failed to notice the thing which most of all seemed to offend the guests. Perhaps he did not know, but the humans should have known that an undomesticated cat hates to be touched. A mountain lion at bay will tear a single dog to shreds, but is easily disconcerted when attacked by more than one dog at a time. He hates to be mauled and when his nerves are high strung in battle this dislike amounts to an obsession and often results in his destruction. He will release a strangle hold on one dog to give his immediate attention to another harmlessly rushing him from the rear.

Scratchcat had this characteristic highly developed in him from birth. When too young to make a more convincing protest against being handled he would shrink back to the farthest end of the cage and spit angrily at whoever attempted to lift him out. Petting only added to his dislike of it and by the time he was quarter grown he was a surly misanthrope, hating and hated by all men.

One day Rags, flushed from a chase after a rabbit, came suddenly upon the four kittens sunning themselves on their chains outside the cage. Playfully he rushed them, intending to scare them up and then run on to the house for his dinner. But he miscalculated his awkward speed and blundered right into their midst. In a flash Scratchcat was upon him. The dog opened his mouth in one long, pained, surprised yelp and closed it on a goodly portion of the cat's left ear. When, a moment later, the ranch hands pried them apart that portion of ear remained in Rag's mouth, a pitiful compensation for the pound of flesh clawed from his head and neck by the tawny spitfire.

While the boys were giving first aid to Rags, Rancher Goodman seized a quirt from a nearby saddle and thrashed the kitten until welts showed under the yellow hair and flecks of blood stood out to mingle with the blood from his tattered ear. Silently, crouched to the ground, ears back, nerves twitching under each blow, the cat took the beating, silently he crept into the open cage after it was done, never again to come out and lie in the sun with the other kittens. He grew more sullen each day, following every move of his captor with yellow eyes so full of hate that the rancher dreaded to go near the cage and never turned his back upon it.

Spring came, with stock to be brought in from the open range, calves to be branded and crops to be planted. Little time was left to feed milk to the kittens, so they were put on a diet of raw meat Scratchcat, true t his instincts, because he had not killed it himself, refused to touch it. He instigated a hunger strike and would have starved to death but for a cotton-tail that, chased one day by Rags, ran into the kittens' cage for sanctuary.

Rancher Goodman saw the husky kitten break the rabbit's neck and rip open the quivering throat for the warm blood. He saw him place his oversized paws upon the dead body and tear hide and flesh from the bones with his teeth. He watched him swab his bloody jaws with his tongue and winced when the cat turned yellow eyes in his direction looking for more food.

How long were man and beast going to be safe with this once fuzzy ball of fur close at hand?

It had been a shock to the rancher to witness the annihilation of that unfortunate cotton-tail. He talked about it to the boys all evening and dreamed about it or lay awake thinking about it all night until he promised himself that the first thing in the morning he would quietly lead the young killer out behind the barn and make a wall rug of him. Who knew what might happen sometime when a rabbit failed to show up at the opportune time? Goodman saw yellow eyes and blood-flecked lips turned upon him in the darkness and turned over in bed for the hundredth time to shut out the sight.

"In the morning I'll settle his hash," he promised, and soothed by the promise, slept.

In the morning, however, with the sun shining and the four kittens piled in one corner of the cage asleep, things looked different.

After all, it was only natural for the lion to kill a rabbit. He would have killed it himself if he had seen it first. As for being afraid of Scratchcat, it was ridiculous to think of fearing a half-grown, caged cat. He returned sheepishly to the cabin and hung the rifle on the wall.

Scratchcat was saved for the time being, but it was not the last time within the following weeks that he was threatened with sudden and violent extermination. Hunger and hatred of man and his dog made him more surly each day, and scarcely a day passed in which he failed to demonstrate his viciousness with tooth and claw upon the bodies of his mates or the nose of foolish Rags, who never seemed to learn to keep out of his reach. No night passed without bringing to Rancher Goodman the vision of sullen gleaming eyes looking hungrily upon him out of the dark.

MIDSUMMER came. Its heat and flies irritated the unhappy cat to madness. When not crouched sulkily in the corner of his cage he glided restlessly back and forth or strained desperately at the chain that held him. Goodman, watching him one day, prayed that he would strangle himself to death and relieve him from performing an inevitable but embarrassing execution. He knew that the neighbors would laugh at him for a coward if he killed the lion, altho none of them wished less than he to have Scratchcat out of the neighborhood. His consternation, therefore, was mild to his relief when he came to the stable one August morning and found the cage door open, with Scratchcat and one of the female kittens nowhere in sight. The other two kittens, sickened by their diet of stale meat, were still in the cage, too weak to be interested in escape.

"What in Tarnation D'you Mean, Tearin' Up to a Nervy Horse That-a-way?"

It was man's busy season. Unmolested, the runaways made for the high hills. Scratchcat led the way, skirting open places and gliding like one of the many shadows beneath the scattered jack pines. Because it was the highest, wildest spot in the vicinity or perhaps urged by instinct or dim memory he led his sister back to the rock-blained face of Storm Mountain. There near the lair from which they had been taken captive in their mother's hide they hid themselves among the bowlders and rested from their unaccustomed exercise.

The evening of the second day found them rested but weak from their extended fast. Scratchcat had killed rabbits thrown to him in his cage but this was his first hunt in the open and he bungled many times and lost several good mouthfuls before he learned that ambush and stealthy stalking were the most natural and effective methods of catching his prey. This lesson once learned, he fared well on rabbits, the only food that he knew was good.

The first one or two that he caught he devoured savagely to the last bit of flesh while his sister looked on hungrily or wandered aimlessly about, hoping to duplicate his good fortune. The edge of his hunger once blunted, the hunter killed other cotton-tails, taking only the blood and choice parts for himself and leaving the rest for his complaining partner. Thus tacitly a working agreement was formed. The young lion is not fully grown until about two years of age and not only remains with the parent but is dependent upon her during the greater part of that time. It was only natural, therefore, that the smaller should look to her stronger, more resourceful brother to take the place of the slaughtered mother.

The few weeks following their escape from the Goodman ranch were made up of days filled with excitement and nights made complete by gorged stomachs and a hiding place secure from the mauling hands of men and the intrusion of the hated dog. Instincts, submerged during the months of their captivity, developed rapidly, and often saved them from embarrassment or worse as they prowled and hunted, taking their place at an early age with the coyote and bear that ranged the hills with them. Poison they avoided because of their very nature that made them prefer their own fresh kill. They escaped traps because it was not yet the season for fur hunters and few traps were set as far away from the ranches as their range on the side of Storm Mountain. Hunters did not molest them, for there were no hunters; crops were ripe and hunters had all turned farmers.

So they hunted and slept and grew.

One evening, while hunting for rabbits which as the exclusive diet of two growing lions were rapidly being depleted, the larger cat came upon an unprotected fawn. It was his first venture out of the field of certified foods and he found it good. From that time on he made it a rule to try anything once and almost daily added some new delicacy to his menu. On the occasion of his first night hunt he pulled down a small calf and found that not only was the flesh of the lamb delicious but that it was great fun to pounce upon the foolish little fellows and feel their soft skulls crunch beneath his jaws. For the first time he killed for the joy of killing.

His young sister, tho still relying upon him for the greater part of her food, had also learned to stalk rabbits. Her first catch she brought and exhibited proudly before her supercilious big brother. After that she hunted alone and ate what she caught in secret. In time she would have become self-supporting and left Scratchcat to range by his haughty self, but one evening, stretched comfortably out on the low limb of a jack pine, she saw a chubby, near-sighted little animal waddling toward the very tree in which she crouched. She had just gorged herself on the remains of Scratchcat's last night's kill and did not want food, but this was too easy. She rose quietly and when the roly-poly individual was directly beneath her, dropped like a plummet to break his fat neck. At her touch his coarse hair seemed to turn to a million tiny needles. With a startled hiss she fell back, her paws and muzzle bristling with porcupine quills.

If she had depended upon her companion before she was helpless now without him. Like a sick, complaining child she followed him about, slowly starving to death in spite of the ever-increasing supply of food that he left for her.

Summer had gone. With the first light dust of snow on the high peaks, the Big Horn and his relatives turned their heads toward the wind-polished

(Continued on Page 15.)

Continuing a Yarn in Which Many Seem Guilty and but One Can Be

Tangled Trails

By William MacLeod Raine

A Summary of What Has Gone Before

JAMES CUNNINGHAM, SR., of Denver, chief promoter of the Dry Valley irrigation project, millionaire banker and man of unscrupulous business methods, was murdered in Suite 12 of the luxurious Paradox apartments. First to discover the crime was

KIRBY LANE, ranchman, nephew of Cunningham, who, because of a quarrel, had not seen or spoken to his relative in ten years. Lane found his uncle tied with rope to arms of a chair, a towel twisted about the neck and with a bullet-hole just above his temple. There was an odor of chloroform in the room—the victim's "den"—the banker's other rooms consisting of living-room, bedroom and bathroom. Lane knew that

"WILD ROSE" M'LEAN, ranchgirl and rough rider, had come to Denver from a spectacular rodeo, where she had suffered a broken arm, to charge Cunningham with criminally wronging her sister,

ESTHER M'LEAN, a young girl employed in his office, who was in serious trouble. In fact, Lane had foregone his part in the world's championship riding contest to follow Rose to Denver, to give what aid he could.

CASS HULL and wife were occupying rooms at the Paradox on the night of the murder and both were much excited when Lane inquired for the number of his uncle's suite. Hull, partner of Cunningham in the Dry Valley project, claimed Cunningham had done him out of several thousand dollars and he and Mrs. Hull were in Denver to "see about it." The dead man had also received a letter from a Dry Valley rancher threatening him with dire consequences for the failure of the irrigation system.

The two nephews of Cunningham, Sr., living in Denver, were

JAMES CUNNINGHAM, JR., also a banker, and

JACK CUNNINGHAM, just out of college.

Now, after Kirby Lane had noticed a photograph of a beautiful young woman, inscribed "Always Phyllis," in his uncle's "den," and had discovered one of Wild Rose's gauntlet-gloves lying on a table near Cunningham's body, he concluded to secretly leave the apartments by the fire escape. In doing so he was seen by

"CHUCK" ELLIS, a newspaper reporter, who went his way after Lane had made an explanation that put the young fellow in quite a jocular mood. The ranchman then hurried away to see Rose, with these thoughts uppermost in his mind: Was it a woman who had passed him on the stairs before he had switched on the lights? And was it a woman's hand that had seized his wrist as a human form brushed against him in the darkness?

A newspaper "extra" had a follow-up story to the effect that

HORIKAWA, Cunningham, Sr.'s Japanese valet, had disappeared. The police advanced the theory that the colored servant had killed and robbed his master of two thousand dollars cash that the banker had drawn on the day of the murder and brought to his apartments, and which was now missing. Another theory was that the slayer was left-handed. However, the testimony at the coroner's inquest, especially that of Mrs. Cass Hull, who had seen Kirby Lane going to his uncle's rooms between 9 and 10 on the night he was killed, in several instances pointed to Lane as the guilty person, and the ranchman was promptly put under arrest, while the inquest continued. It then suddenly occurred to Lane that "Wild Rose," because of her broken right arm, was temporarily left-handed.

This story began in No. 7, the Ledger for Feb. 18. Back copies may be obtained from our agents or newsdealers.

CHAPTER XIII.

"ALWAYS, PHYLLIS."

"CHUCK" ELLIS, reporter, testified that on his way home from the Press Club on the night of the 23rd, he stopped at an alley on Glenarm street to strike a light for his cigar. Just as he lit the match he saw a man come out from the window of a room in the Paradox Apartments and run down the fire escape. It struck him that the man might be a burglar, so he waited in the shadow of the building. The runner came down the alley toward him. He stopped the man and had some talk with him. At the request of the district attorney's assistant he detailed the conversation and located on a chart shown him the room from which he had seen the fellow emerge.

"Would you know him again?"

"Yes."

"Do you see him in this room?"

Ellis, just off his run, had reached the courtroom only a second before he stepped to the stand. Now he looked around, surprised at the lawyer's question. His wandering eye halted at Lane.

"There he is."

"Which man do you mean?"

"The one on the end of the bench."

"At what time did this take place?"

"Lemme see. About quarter-past 10, maybe."

"Which way did he go when he left you?"

"Toward Fifteenth street."

"That is all." The lawyer turned briskly toward Kirby. "Mr. Lane, will you take the stand?"

Every eye focused on the range rider. As he moved forward and took the oath the scribbling reporters found in his movements a pantherish lightness, in his compact figure rippling muscles perfectly under control. There was an appearance of sunburnt competency about him, a crisp confidence born of the rough-and-tumble life of the outdoor West. He did not look like a cold-blooded murderer. Women found themselves hoping that he was not. The jaded weariness of the sensation-seekers vanished at sight of him. A man had walked upon the stage, one full of vital energy.

The assistant district attorney led him thru the usual preliminaries. Lane said that he was by vocation a cattleman, by avocation a rough rider. He lived at Twin Buttes, Wyo.

One of the reporters leaned toward another and whispered: "By Moses, he's the same Lane that won the rough-riding championship at Pendleton and was second at Cheyenne last year."

"Are you related to James Cunningham, the deceased?" asked the lawyer.

"His nephew."

"How long since you had seen him prior to your visit to Denver this time?"

"Three years."

"What were your relations with him?"

The coroner interposed. "You need answer no questions tending to incriminate you, Mr. Lane."

A sardonic smile rested on the rough rider's lean, brown face. "Our relations were not friendly," he said quietly.

A ripple of excitement swept the benches.

"What was the cause of the bad feeling between you?"

"A few years ago my father fell into financial difficulties. He was faced with bankruptcy. Cunningham not only refused to help him, but was the hardest of his creditors. He hounded him to the time of my father's death a few months later. His death was due to a breakdown caused by intense worry."

"You felt that Mr. Cunningham ought to have helped him?"

"My father helped him when he was young. What my uncle did was the grossest ingratitude."

"You resented it."

"Yes."

"And quarreled with him?"

"I wrote him a letter an' told him what I thought of him. Later, when we met by chance, I told him again face to face."

"You had a bitter quarrel?"

"Yes."

"That was how long ago?"

"Three years since."

"In that time did your feelings toward him modify at all?"

Shibo Looked at His Countryman Without a Muscle of His Impassive Face Twitching. "Some One Killum Plenty Dead," He Said Evenly.

"My opinion of him did not change, but I had no longer any feelin' in the matter."

"Did you write to him or hear from him in that time?"

"No."

"Had you any expectation of being remembered in your uncle's will?"

"None whatever," answered Kirby, smiling. "Even if he had left me anything I should have declined to accept it. But there was no chance at all that he would."

"Yet when you came to town you called on him at the first opportunity?"

"Yes."

"On what business?"

"I reckon we'll not go into that."

Johns glanced at his notes and passed to another line of questioning. "You have heard the testimony of Mr. and Mrs. Hull and of Mr. Ellis. Is that testimony true?"

"Except in one point. It lacked only three or four minutes to 10 when I knocked on the door an' Mrs. Hull opened it."

"You're sure of that?"

"Sure. I looked at my watch just before I went into the Paradox Apartments."

"Will you tell the jury what took place between you and Mrs. Hull?"

"'Soon as I saw her I knew she was scared stiff about somethin'. So was Hull. He was headin' for a bedroom, so I wouldn't see him."

The slender, well-dressed woman in the black veil, sitting far over to the left, leaned forward and seemed to listen intently. All over the room there was a stir of quickened interest.

"How did she show her fear?"

"No color in her face, eyes dilated an' full of terror, hands tremblin'."

"And Mr. Hull?"

"He was yellow. Color all gone from his face. Looked as tho he'd had a shock."

"What was said, if anything?"

"I asked Mrs. Hull where my uncle's apartment was. That gave her another fright. At least she almost fainted."

"Did she say anything?"

"She told me where his rooms were. Then she shut the door, right in my face. I went upstairs to Apartment 12."

"Where your uncle lived?"

"Where my uncle lived. I rang the bell twice an' didn't get an answer. Then I noticed the door was ajar. I opened it, called, an' walked in, shuttin' it behind me. I guessed he must be around an' would be back in a few minutes."

"Just exactly what did you do?"

"I waited by the table in the living-room for a few minutes. There was a note there signed by S. Horikawa."

"We have that note. What happened next? Did your uncle return?"

"No. I had a feelin' that somethin' was wrong. I looked into the bedroom an' then opened the door into the small smoking-room. The odor of chloroform met me. I found the button an' flashed on the light."

Except the sobbing breath of an unnerved woman no slightest sound could be heard in the courtroom but Lane's quiet, steady voice. It went on evenly, clearly, dominating the crowded room by the drama of its undramatic timbre.

"My uncle was sittin' in a chair, tied to it. His head was canted a little to one side an' he was lookin' up at me. There was a bullet hole in his forehead. He was dead."

The veiled woman in black gasped for air. Her head sank forward and her slender body swayed.

"Look out!" called the witness to the woman beside her.

Before Kirby could reach her, the fainting woman had slipped to the floor. He stooped to lift her head from the

(Continued on Page 11.)

Concluding the Story of the Russian Plotters

The Inner Circle

By Crittenden Marriott

With the Last Word the Plainsman Hurled the Other Across the Room.

Read This First—Then Finish the Story

Florence stunned the Professor by declaring that he was not her father; that she was not Olga Shishkin; that she was a Princess whom he had stolen from her happy home many years before. On the promise of freedom from punishment by the government, Shishkin agreed that Florence should marry the Baron and become a Russian of the Russians. He signed an affidavit to that effect. Florence then confided to the Baron all that she knew about the gold, and the Wilkinses.

Caruth satisfied the police that a woman had assaulted and robbed him and then went to the offices of the American Embassy, where he found Marie awaiting him. Miss Fitzhugh was fitted out with woman's dress by clothes supplied by Mrs. Bristow, nee Olga Shishkin, now in St. Petersburg with her husband.

Proceedings at the Embassy brought out the following facts: Caruth and Marie were already married; Marie was the Professor's own daughter; Olga, the real Princess, declined to accept her rightful honors, preferring to live in America as the wife of a worthy American The Baron and Florence lingered to be married, after it had been agreed that the slangy showgirl might continue to be the fictitious child of royalty so far as any of the others were concerned.

This story began in No. 2, the Ledger for Jan. 14. Back copies may be obtained from our agents or newsdealers.

CHAPTER XXI.

IF FLORENCE had delayed her flight from Helsingfors a day longer, she would probably not have gone at all. At practically the same moment at which she arrived at St. Petersburg, Bill Wilkins left that city, having completed arrangements for the shipment of the gold.

He had found the task of finding a ship a difficult one. Ten tons of gold was not freight that would ordinarily be found in the possession of a man of Wilkins' appearance, and the fact that he wanted to get it out of the country secretly was abundant proof that he had come by it illegally. To explain the true nature of the stuff he wanted to ship, was to risk betraying to the police on the one hand, and treachery and murder from those who aided him on the other.

Yet it was practically impossible to conceal the fact that it was gold with which he wished to escape. Its mere weight would almost inevitably betray its character, for it was not credible that men should be willing to pay the sum necessary to induce a captain to violate the laws and risk his ship in order to carry off a few tons of lead, which was about the only conceivable substance of approximately equal weight.

Gold, of course, might be so packed in boxes too large for it, as to conceal its relative weight, but the Wilkins brothers had no means at hand to enable them to do this.

Under these circumstances, it was not surprising that it took Wilkins practically all of the ten days he had supposed might be required to make his arrangements. He made them at last, however, with a villainous-looking captain, who drove a very hard bargain, and whom Wilkins suspected would try to rob them if given the ghost of an opportunity. Neither he nor Tom, however, shrank from taking risks.

Tom Wilkins had discovered Florence's disappearance long before Bill arrived, but found himself helpless. Florence had taken the dinghy, and Wilkins, unable to swim, found himself marooned on the schooner, unable to get ashore except by calling for aid. Altho he had no nerves to speak of and was ready at any time to fight his weight in wildcats, he found the situation appalling. Alone in a strange city, unable to speak a word of the language, under ban of the police, tied by the leg to a pile of gold, and deserted by his companions, a weaker man would have attempted to sail away despite his ignorance in regard to the management of the boat. But Tom Wilkins was not that sort. He would stick till the last minute.

Florence's desertion was the hardest to bear. He really loved the girl, and he had almost persuaded himself that she loved him; believing this, he found it very hard to conclude that her absence spelled treachery, as it obviously seemed to do. Rather, knowing how she chafed against the long confinement and remembering her hysterical fit of the night before, he clung to the hope that she had merely gone ashore and would soon be back.

But as the hours wore on and she did not return, he was forced to believe that she had deserted and perhaps betrayed him. He had taken her as a partner in his flight when he had expected to reach safety easily and quickly. If he had had any idea of what was before him, he would have gone without her and sent for her after the toil and danger of the adventure was over. But having taken her, he expected her to stand by him, and to find that she was a "quitter," the thing he despised most on earth, hurt him. According to his ideas, his own conduct in leaving the yacht was not "quitting," but frank piracy, a thing which he by no means held in the same disesteem.

Bill's arrival did not mend matters. Arriving at the shore, his sailor's eyes quickly missed the dinghy that had trailed behind the sloop and he promptly hired a shore boat and had himself rowed out.

As he came alongside, Tom, who had been watching from below, came on deck to meet him, but showed no interest in the success of his errand.

Bill, however, did not notice the other's moodiness.

"It's all right, Tom," he cried breathlessly. "It's all right. Everything's fixed, and we'll be off as soon as it gets dark. I had a d—d hard time of it with them d—d Nihilists on one side and the cops on the other. But I pulled it off at last. Where's the liquor! Let's splice the main brace on the strength of it."

Without answering, Tom set out a bottle and watched the other drink. But he himself took nothing.

Such disrespect to the conventionalities roused Bill's indignation. "What in h—l's the matter with you?" he demanded. "Anybody'd think I'd brought bad news 'stead of tellin' you I'd pulled the thing off."

Still Tom did not answer, and the other stared at him with growing suspicion. "Where's the dinghy?" he demanded suddenly. "And where's that girl?"

Tom raised his heavy eyes. "Gone," he responded briefly. "She took the boat and vamoosed some time last night."

"Gone! Gone!" Bill's voice rose to a scream. "Gone where? After the cops? I always knowed it. I always told you she'd do us. The little h—l-cat."

A pair of sinewy hands closed round his throat, choking the words, and he felt himself shaken to and fro like a rat.

"That'll do, Bill Wilkins," grated a voice that he hardly recognized as his brother's. "That'll do. Don't you orthogrify a word agin her. She's playin' for her own hand, same's we are. You keep your tongue off her." With the last word the plainsman hurled the other across the room.

BILL picked himself up slowly. He fingered his throat, swallowed once or twice, and then came back to where Tom stood glowering.

"All right," he murmured. "I won't say nothing against her. She's an angel of light if you say so. But I reckon she's sold us out, and I guess the peelers are coming for us right now. We'd better get a move on—unless you'd sooner stay here and get pulled so's not to spoil her game."

Tom quivered, but said nothing. Lifelong self-control was again in the ascendancy. He knew the other was right, and he already repented his fury of a moment before.

"All right, Bill!" he said, almost calmly. "You're right. Only don't say nothing against her to me. I'm too plumb sore to stand it just now. We'll go as soon as you say."

"I say now. The Haakon—she's the steamer I've chartered—won't be along till about dawn, but we've got to get out in the bay and wait for her. That little—that is, themb policeoffskis may be down on us any bloomin' minute. The water's quiet, and I guess we won't swamp. Wait! Let's look."

The man broke off and ran up the ladder that led to the deck and poked his head above the combings. In a moment he turned, and Tom could see that his face was pale under its tan.

"By the ——!" he raged. "They're coming now. A dozen boats are starting out. Quick! We ain't got a minute to lose."

He leaped upon the deck, followed by the plainsman.

"Here!" he yelled. "Get that anchor up. Quick! Then help me with the mainsail."

He darted forward and grasped the gib halliards. The weight was almost too much for one man, but necessity lent strength, and by the time the anchor was on board the jib was up. Then the two men tailed on to the mainsail halliards. And the big sail rose slowly to the peak.

"Make fast! Hurry! Those boats are getting near."

The sloop was moving now, slowly but surely. Behind her a distant outcry pulsed hoarsely across the water. Bill glared backward over his snoulder. "Shout Shout! D—n you!" he cried.

Tom was by his side now, sneeting home the mainsail. The sloop felt the added press and gathered way. But in the lee of the shore the wind was light, and the boats, driven by sinewy arms, were relentlessly cutting down the distance.

Bill glared back at them. "Shoot 'em Tom," he cried. "Shoot 'em! Why don't you shoot?"

A grim smile curved the plainsman's lips. He held a revolver in his hand but he didn't raise it. "I ain't got no cartridges to waste," he answered. "This is only the openin' overture; we'll want 'em all for the performance."

The sloop was beginning to hold its own. With every foot of distance from the land, the breeze grew stronger. Soon the strip of water between her and the boats began to widen, and Tom lowered his pistols.

"I guess we're all right now," he remarked comfortably.

Bill grunted. "All right as far as them boats counts," he agreed. "But they'll have torpedo-boats after us mighty soon, and then where'll we be?"

"We won't be in no jail," returned his brother grimly. "I won't anyway. I always expected to cash in with my boots on, and I'm ready right now."

"Same here—if I can't help myself. But we've got a chance yet. If we can get out of sight of 'em we'll run east and try to meet the Haakon. We've got to go east, anyway. If we ran out into the Baltic, we'd swamp sure."

CHAPTER XXII.

DRIVEN by twin propellers, the Sea Spume raced westward, bearing happy souls released from the suspense of the past month. Caruth had found a wife; Professor Shishkin, a daughter; Marie, a father and a husband; and freed from the long strain of service to the cause, she had learned for the first time how heavy the burden had been.

With them were Bristow and Olga. The reporter's assignment to the Russian capital was nearly up, and as it was madness for Olga to remain longer in the same city with Baron Demidroff and the pretended Princess Napraxine, he had decided to sail with Caruth.

They were all going back to America, to the western world, and they were all happy at the thought. They would find complications awaiting them, they knew. Olga, reported by the papers to have been identified as the Princess Napraxine and to have married Demidroff, must keep away from her old home and her old friends. Shishkin, tho he had gained one daughter without losing the other, must pass as childless in the evening of his life. Caruth would have to satisfy the curious as to his somewhat remarkable perfomances in Russia and Russian waters. And he would have to raise that million dollars.

One and all they had agreed to shield Florence, both for her sake and for theirs. To betray her was to risk drawing down upon themselves Nihilist vengeance for the failure of the expedition—a failure that would assuredly be charged to her subsitution for Olga.

None of them were quite certain as to the part she had played, as to whether she had been a traitor, a double traitor, or only a spy. Anyhow, as Caruth put it: "All's well that ends well. I'm not heaving any stones. I'm living in a tolerable imitation of a glass house myself."

So, bearing happy souls, the yacht sped westward into the night.

RUNNING before the wind, the sloop bearing the Wilkins brothers and their golden plunder fled eastward. Until the sun set, it had beat to the west, toward the far-off land of promise, but as soon as darkness hid it from sight of the land, it had turned toward St. Petersburg, and for half a dozen hours had churned heavily onward.

Pursuers such as must be questing the gulf for it would surely find it as soon as day dawned. Let the rising sun once

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Concluding the Four-part Story of

Rill O' the River

By Besse Toulouse Sprague

What Happened in the Preceding Installment

Rill spent the night in jail. She fell asleep to dream queer dreams of Nell, and more radiant ones of the boy, Dave, who before midnight had been released upon his own recognizance. His boy companions, Red and Billy, had not been taken in the raid.

Dave visited Nell and gave her some money, saying it was from Rill, who had found employment in another factory and was working. "Rill's a darling, a perfect darling, and good as gold," was Nell's comment. At 1 o'clock in the afternoon Dave and Rill were discharged from police court, after being sternly reprimanded by the judge. That evening Nell told Dave that Rill was working nights.

The result of the newspaper stories of the raid was nothing more than Dave, Jr., expected. Ryan, Sr., cut off his weekly allowance of spending money, save for his actual school expenses. Rill and Nell moved to new and respectable rooming quarters, but found it a hard task to live on their combined earnings; both needed yarm clothes and decent shoes. Dave, Jr., lost all track of them. Nell's fine voice won her a place in a church choir, and she wished for money enough to take her thru the Conservatory of Music—how wonderful it would be. Rill thought so, too, and she couldn't get the idea out of her mind. One day while gazing at a picture of Nell's own mother, Rilletta was deeply impressed by the departed woman's refined and gentle features. Suddenly Rilletta murmured: "I'll give her a chance—your little girl; no matter what happens, she's going to have her chance."

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CHAPTER VII.
"A BLUFF CALLED."

THE Des Moines newspapers flashed flaring headlines commenting upon the affair, street cars buzzed with conversations concerning it and interested groups of people congregated on street corners to discuss it.

Every one said it was the neatest little burglary ever pulled. The thief—a masked woman—had operated in broad daylight. She had been daring to a petrifying degree and absolutely reckless and she had romped away with two thousand dollars. Two men and one woman had watched the robbery, but their recollections were hazy and seemed to include only a pointed gun and an imperative, sharply commanding voice which they had not dared to disobey.

And the thief had gotten away.

One of the men who had been robbed and who had watched the robbery was loud in his praise of the shrewd tactics of the thief. "There's not a policeman in Des Moines smart enough to cope with her," he declared for publication and to any one who would listen to him. "They'd have to go some to even get in sight of her. She was as quick as lightning. One thing I do remember. She had a bandaged thumb. Queer how a little thing like that will stick in a fellow's memory at such a time, isn't it? I remember her bandaged thumb, but whether I'd remember her voice again is a question; tho Lord knows I ought to, she talked enough."

* * * * * * *

"We'll get us a decent place to board and room now," Rill announced one night.

"How can we afford it?" Nell was all breathless.

Rill's explanation was a marvel. It gave one a dim idea of how far the girl might have gone in the field of imaginative literature if even half a chance had been hers.

It seemed that Rill's uncle in Omaha had died several months before—a rich old codger, but queer—oh, very queer. Rill wondered what he'd done with all his money until here just today, would you believe it, a lawyer came to find her—and it was just by chance he'd succeeded in locating her.

Oh, yes, she'd had a sort of idea that maybe the uncle might have left her some money, but she didn't like to think about it, because if it didn't come true, well, then, no harm had been done.

Nell was ecstatic, and she took Rill's every word for the pure gospel truth, miraculously and blessedly unbelievable as it did sound.

Rill slept one solid week, almost night and day.

And Nell shopped.

The lawyer had thoughtfully come to Des Moines with a part of Rill's inheritance which could be rapidly converted into cash.

"I'm going to sleep for a month of Sundays," Rill announced. "No more scrubbing for me. When this thumb gets well I'm going to learn to play the piano—I've always wanted to——"

"Funny, isn't it," Nell interposed. "But you know all the newspapers that told about that dreadful robbery said the woman had a bandaged thumb. Queer, wasn't it? Every time I read it I had the funniest feeling; perfectly ridiculous, wasn't it?"

"Perfectly ridiculous," Rill echoed, and the merciful gray of the twilight matched the fear-filled ash-gray of her face.

Nell reveled in an orgy of shopping.

"Just buy whatever you please, so it suits you and is good enough," Rill told her. "There's plenty more money where this came from."

Rill always smiled cryptically at this. Months later Nell understood why she smiled.

CAME weeks of happy, carefree living for Nell.

They lived in a tiny, exquisitely furnished three-room apartment in one of the town's most luxurious residence hotels.

Nell's only grief was that she could not interest Rill in other people.

Day after day Nell would beg the older girl to go with her. "You'd love it, Rill, after you got started. You're young and there's oceans of good times ahead of you. Come on, Rill, do."

But Rill would always set the plunge farther ahead.

"Next week, Nell," she would implore. "Next week I'll go with you. It seems like I'd never rested before in all my life. I have a kind of longing to lie in my pretty room and just dream and read."

So the day of meeting Nell's friends was set ahead—indefinitely.

Life broadened every hour for Nell. Each day she came romping into the apartment with a new tale of conquest.

"He knew who I was today," she announced one night.

With a queer little thump of her heart

"You're Rilletta Burns," Said the Big Man. "You're Wanted Down in Davenport."

which was both glad and sad, Rill knew to whom the pronoun referred. There was no need to ask. David Ryan's name was often upon Nell's tongue.

"He asked me to go to the senior reception at Hoyt Sherman Place with him and I'm going to go, and, oh, Rill, isn't it wonderful?"

Rill laughed. "Oh, not so very," she said. "Dave's a bright boy. He ought to know the best-looking girl at Drake when he sees her."

Nell blushed rosily. "Oh, Rill, you darling old blarney you. Well, anyway, I'm going, and don't you think that rose dress is prettiest? He's glad I'm going to join the Theta Sigma sorority. He says it's the best in Drake. Oh, Rill, he's just wonderful."

Rill found herself obliged to be absent from Des Moines considerable these days. It was some tiresome details in regard to settling up the "estate" that kept her. Nell didn't really know just what kept her. But she was always sorry to see her go and glad to see her come home.

Rill seemed mentally and physically tired when she got back. "I just feel like I want to sleep, sleep, sleep," she would tell Nell. "I guess I'm just as stupid about business deals as the next one."

And Nell's friendship with Dave grew.

They went to hear Galli Curci at the Coliseum.

The throbbing, wonderful voice of the singer floated out over the great room in golden waves of melody.

Dave held Nell's hand.

The girl snatched her hand away and laughed up into the boy's eyes.

Nell had come into her own. From curly top to dainty toe, Nell was a gay little flirt, a delicious little vampire.

ONE city administration waned, declined and died; another budded, made campaign pledges, bloomed and speedily forgot said pledges.

The papers announced that Des Moines was in the grip of a crime wave.

Women were afraid to go out on the streets at night and men barricaded doors and slept with revolvers under their pillows. They told their friends volubly how they meant to shoot—shoot to kill when occasion demanded, but when occasion did demand they forgot even the existence of the ready repeater and held up their hands like any other member of the primary class.

An elegant home on West Grand avenue was robbed. A diamond ring valued at six hundred dollars and four hundred dollars in cash were stolen.

A police alarm was given.

But the robber had gone before the police got there.

The next day there was a rumored shake-up in the police force.

Rill bought a dilapidated little car at a used car exchange. After one lesson she drove it herself, successfully, but with utter peril to herself and any pedestrian that chanced her way.

"When I learn to drive this I'll have a decent one for you to drive," Rill told Nell. "A swell little coupe that you can drive yourself and turn the other girls green with envy."

Two weeks later a brand new Hudson sedan was stolen from in front of the Grant Club. The car bore only a "Car in Transit" card.

"Doggone," said the ex-owner ruefully. "I was going to get the license tomorrow; and I hadn't any insurance, either. Doggone."

Adel police wired Des Moines that a woman in a brand new, mud-bespattered car had driven thru Adel. The woman hadn't seemed especially expert at the wheel, but she "had gotten away before police arrived."

That was the last ever heard of the Hudson sedan.

Nell drove a spiffy new and shining coupe to school.

"Oh Rill, it's wonderful," she said. "It all seems like a fairy tale, doesn't it? Isn't it grand the things money can do?"

"Don't be a little fool and get yourself pinched for careless driving," Rill warned. "It always pays to keep within the law." Rill's vocabulary was improving mightily with reading and leisure.

And the months passed.

Rill was far from well these days. She had a dry cough that persisted somehow in spite of all that she could do and night brought feverish hectic dreams.

"Doc Murphy says I've got to go down to Albuquerque for a few months," she told Nell. "And I've decided to go. Next month you'll graduate and then you'll be away for months on that Chautauqua trip. It'll be kind of hard to be here alone, so I thought I'd better go ahead and do as Doc Murphy says. I don't believe very much in T. B. and I won't admit I've got it, but I'm willing enough to go since you're going to be out of town."

So it was arranged that as soon as Nell started on her summer's tour as soloist with the Colonial Maids' Quintette, an organization formed at the conservatory, that Rill should be off for a summer's health seeking sojourn down in Albuquerque, N. M.

Nell would graduate with honors. Everything that the girl had dreamed had come miraculously true. Beautiful clothes, good times, friends, and, last of all, the Fairy Prince had come to her in the wake of Rill's magical inheritance.

"I have to pinch myself to know that I'm not dreaming," she told Rill time and again. The only thing that makes me unhappy is the way you act. Why won't you come and meet my friends? Won't you let me bring them here? Rill, you're just as wonderful as any of them and you're every bit as pretty if only you'd fix up a bit. And Rill, you know more in one minute than other girls will ever forget. Why don't you get acquainted with my friends?"

But Rill protested for the millionth time that the society "doings" didn't interest her, that she was happiest just with her reading and staying at home.

THE closing month of school came.

Rill attended with Nell all the class day festivities

She had heard Nell's own recital contest and she had glowed with pride as she listened to Nell's wonderful golden voice.

"It's worth the price, oh, it's worth the price," she told the smiling pictured face that night, the mother face that had been her justification thru anxious months. "Yes, it was worth the price."

For the first time since the day in front of the municipal building when she had been dismissed by the police judge and had found David Ryan waiting for her, Rill met him again.

It was the night at Nell's recital.

"You know Miss Burns, of course?" Nell laughed gaily as he re-introduced them.

It seemed to Nell that they both acknowledged the introduction with little enthusiasm.

"Rill, now won't you stay to the party?" Nell urged. "It's a frolic the seniors have every year and I know they'll be tickled to have you stay."

But Rill didn't want to do it.

It ended by Rill's leaving Nell in the

"I'd Like to Know Where in H—l Rill Landed," Said the Old Woman.

care of David—just as he wanted her to do—and driving home to the apartment alone.

"I wanted her to come and yet I didn't," David said with all the selfishness of a lover.

Then jealously, "She acts like she owned you, anyway."

Nell laughed.

"Well, she does, about. Rill's been like a sister to me, like a mother. I can't ever repay her. I wish she'd enjoy going about a little more, tho. It makes me worry to think of her home alone while I have all the good times. But I've urged her over and over again and I can't get her to go with me."

David was busy thinking.

"I've never understood her. You know, I—that is, I met her under well—rather queer circumstances."

Nell laughed.

"I know," she told me one time after I'd met you here again at Drake. Her mother and father were dead and she was broke. She said she bummed her way into Des Moines. Rill's a wonderful girl. We had a pretty hard time for awhile, but it was soon over. Rill's uncle that she hadn't seen for years and years died in Omaha and left her some money and life's been like a wonderful dream ever since."

That night Nell and Dave walked home, to Rill's and Nell's apartment, down Twenty-Fourth street, thru Drake Park, on down Cottage Grove, the Nineteenth street hill and then Woodland.

"I don't want to ride," Nell insisted. "The night is wonderful."

A soft moonlight flooded the streets. The yards, prosaic enough in the daytime, seemed like little enchanted parks. A sudden fragrant breath of blooming roses filled the air and the moonlight shone thru the interlacing branches of the trees, making the pavement seem like little pools of sparkling water.

Dave talked.

He told Nell many things.

Dave had fought a good fight, he had finished his course and he had kept the faith.

"I had a long talk with dad just today," Dave told Nell. "He don't say much, but I know how he feels. He's glad and proud. I'm going to start down at the factory next Monday, and dad says I can work right up. If I demonstrate my ability I'll be a partner before you know it. When you get back from your Chautauqua trip I'll be making enough, Nell, darling, to take care of you. Are

(Continued on Page 25.)

Further Chapters of an Adventure in Its Most Spine-prickling Form

Wolves of the Sea

By Randall Parrish

What Happened in the Preceding Installment

CARLYLE, LeVere and Watkins set the sailors to work getting out arms and ammunition. Gunsaules, the steward, was left to guard Dorothy and the approach to Estaven's stateroom door. Soon the battle was on. Those of the crew who preferred to join the cutthroats had to be killed or subdued first, but already the giant Cochose was leading the frenzied men in the black depths of the ship.

Carlson, a sailor, was holding them back with a cutlass. Carlyle rushed to the sailor's aid. Geoffrey challenged the huge black to step out and meet him in a fist fight. "Estada is dead, Manuel is a prisoner, and I am in command of this ship!" shouted Carlyle, as he slapped the negro's face with his open hand.

The fight that followed was fierce, long and gory, the negro being completely out at its finish. Following this fist encounter the battle became general, ending with all sailors and pirates who had gained the decks—and survived—surrendering their various weapons, after which they were driven below and held there by armed guards.

Most of the crew now appeared willing to serve under Captain Carlyle as commander, but Geoffry was still unwilling to trust LeVere, the mulatto. Carlyle's plan was to steer for land, beach the ship and get his faithful followers ashore before the hostiles could realize what had happened. But new trouble broke out. A sailor left on guard in the main cabin was stabbed to death, Silva Sanchez had escaped, reorganized his cutthroat gang and all were again fighting desperately to reach the decks.

The story began in No. 1, the Ledger for Jan. 7. Back copies may be obtained from our agents or newsdealers.

CHAPTER XXIII—(Continued).

I DID—God knows how! It was like no fighting ever I had done before, a mad, furious melee, amid which I lost all consciousness of action, all guidance of thought, struggling as a wild brute, with all the reckless strength of insanity. It is a dim, vague recollection; I am sure I felled Sanchez with one blow of my pistol-butt, stretching him apparently lifeless at my feet; in some way that deadly cleaver came into my hands and I trod on his body, swinging the sharp blade with all my might into those scowling faces.

They gave sullenly backward; they had to, yelping and snarling like a pack of wolves, hacking at me with their short knives. I was cut again and again, but scarcely knew it. I stood on quivering flesh, driving my weapon from right to left, crazed with blood, and seeking only to kill.

I saw faces crushed in, arms severed men reeling before me in terror, the sudden spurting of blood from ghastly wounds. Oaths mingled with cries of agony and shouts of hate. Then in an instant the light was dashed out and all was darkness.

It was as though my brain snapped back into ascendency. I was no longer a raging fury, mad with the desire to kill, but cool-headed, planning escape. Before a hand could reach me in restraint, I sprang backward and ran. In the darkness of the cabin I collided with the table, and fell sprawling over a stool. The noise guided pursuit, yet wedged together as those fellows still were in the narrow passage, fighting each other in the black gloom, gave me every advantage and so, unhalted, I stumbled up the stairs leading to the companion. The vague glimmer of daylight showing thru the glass, revealed the presence of Watkins. I heard him dash the door wide open, call to those on deck, and then saw him wheel about to again confront the devils plunging blindly forward toward us thru the dark cabin. We could hold them here for a time at least, yet I had the sense to know that this check would prove only temporary. They out-numbered us ten to one, and would arm themselves from the rack. Yet the greater danger lay in the loyalty of my own men.

A dozen of us might hold these stairs against assault, but treachery would leave us helpless. And the very thickness of the fog without invited to treachery. If one among them, and there were many capable of such an act, should steal below forward, and force open the door from the forecastle, we would be crushed between two waves of men, and left utterly helpless. I saw the whole situation vividly, and as quickly chose the only course to pursue, the one hope remaining.

"Here, lads," I called sharply back over my shoulder, "five or six of you are enough to hold back this scum. Watkins;"

"Ay, sir."

"Bend down here—now listen. Get the boats ready—two will be enough—and be lively about it. We'll hold these fellows until you report. You know the lads to be trusted. Put two of them at the forecastle scuttle, and then rout everybody out from below. Who is here now?"

"Name yerselves, bunkies—I can't see yer."

"Simmes."

"Schmitt."

"Ravel DeLasser."

"Carter."

"Jacob Johansen."

"Sam."

"That's enough; you lads remain here with me. Have Harwood watch LeVere, while the rest of you get out the boats."

"How many, sir?"

"The two quarterboats will hold us all. Knock out the plugs in the others—and Watkins!"

"Ay, ay, sir."

"See that Miss Fairfax is placed safely in the afterboat, and then stand by. Send me word the moment all is ready. That's all—we're going to be busy here presently."

I had glimpse of the thick fog without as he pushed thru the door, and of a scarcely distinguishable group of men on the deck. Those about me could only be located by their restless movements. I stepped down one stair conscious of increasing movement below, the meat cleaver still gripped in my hands.

"Any of you armed with cutlasses?"

"Oui, M'Sieur, Ravel DeLasser."

"Stand here, to right of me, now another at my left. Who are you?"

"Jim Carter, sir."

"Good; now strike hard, lads, and you others be ready."

"What's up, sir?" asked a gruff voice. "Has they busted out from between decks?"

"That's what's happened. The cabin is full of 'em, and it is your life and mine in the balance. If we can get away in this fog they'll never find us, but we've got to hold them here until the boats are ready."

"Is it Sanchez?"

"It was Sanchez, but I killed him. That is where we've still got them huskies, without a leader"

"But they've got arms."

"Only hand weapons," broke in Carter contemptuously. "We're as good as they are—thar ain't no powder."

"Sure of that?"

"Course I am. I cleaned up that rack two days ago. There's ball in the bandoliers, but no powder. I wus goin' ter break open a cask, but Estada put me at another job."

"Then that leaves us on even footing, lads; we ought to be equal to them with the cold steel—can any of you see below?"

CHAPTER XXIV.

IN CLASP OF THE SEA.

THE sound of voices, of moving bodies and bits of furniture overturned were plainly discernible, but the darkness was far too dense below to permit the eye perceiving what was taking place. Yet I could picture the scene, the leaderless mob surging blindly forward, each man vocal in his own tongue, swaying with rage, many smarting with wounds, uncertain where we had disappeared, yet all alike crazed with a desire to attain the open deck. The rattle of steel, the curses, told me some among them had reached the arm rack, and seized whatever weapons they found there.

In their struggle the rack was overturned, and suddenly, amid the din, a shrill, penetrating voice yelled something in Spanish, which seemed to hush the clamor. There followed a shuffling of feet, and the crash of wood as tho the butt of a gun had splintered a door panel. Then the same voice again pierced the babel. My mind gripped the meaning of it all; they had found a leader; they had released Manuel Estevan. Now the real fight was on!

We stooped low, to escape as much as possible from the dim revealing light streaming thru the glass at our backs, and waited, staring into the black depths of the cabin, and listening for every sound. The release of Manuel, the very knowledge of his presence, had changed the mob into dangerous fighters. The roar of voices died away with the noise of confusion. I could hear the fellow question those about him, seeking to learn the situation, but the delay was short, and no inkling of his quickly conceived plan of attack was revealed. Yet he saw us and understood; his eyes, long trained to darkness, must have already marked our dim outlines, for his first order evidenced his purpose.

"Who have cutlasses? So many! a dozen form with me. Now bullies, they are on the stairs there, and that is the only way to the deck. We'll show those d—d traitors what fighting means. Now then—to h—l with 'em!"

We met them, point to point, our advantage the narrow staircase and the higher position; theirs the faint glimmer of light at our backs. The first rush was reckless and deadly, the infuriated devils not yet realizing what they faced, but counting on force of numbers to crush our defense. Manuel led them yelling encouragement, and sweeping his cutlass, gripped with both hands, in desperate effort to break thru.

DeLasser caught its point with his blade while my cleaver, missing him with its sharp edge, nevertheless dealt the fellow a blow which hurled him back into the arms of the man behind. I saw nothing else in detail, the faint light barely revealing indistinct figures and gleam of steel. It was a pandemonium of blows and yells, strange faces appearing and disappearing, as men leaped desperately at us up the steps, and we beat them remorselessly back.

I saw nothing more of Manuel in the fray, but his shrill voice urged on his followers. It was strike and parry, cut and thrust. Twice I kicked my legs free from hands that gripped me, and DeLasser fell, a pike thrust thru him.

We Met Them Point to Point, Our Advantage the Narrow Staircase and the Higher Position; Theirs the Faint Glimmer of Light at Our Backs.

Who took his place I never knew, but a stout fighter the lad was, wielding his cutlass viciously, so that we held them, with dead men littering every step to the cabin deck.

But they were of a breed trained to such fighting, and the last of Manuel's tongue drove them into mad recklessness. And there seemed no end of them, sweeping up out of those black shadows, with bearded or lean brown savage faces, charging over the dead bodies, hacking and gouging in vain effort to break thru. I struck until my arms ached, until my head reeled, scarcely conscious of physical action, yet aware of Manuel's shouts.

"No, you hell-hounds—now! once more, and you have them. Santa Maria! you've got to go thru, bullies—there is no other way to the deck. Think of the yellow boys below; they are all yours if you strike hard enough. Rush 'em! That's the way! Here you—go in outside the rail! Broth of h—l! Now you have him, Pedro!"

For an instant I believed it true; I saw Jim Carter seized and hurled sideways, his cutlass clashing as it fell, while a dozen hands dragged him headlong into the ruck beneath. But it was only an instant. Before the charging devils could pass me, a huge figure filled the vacant space, and the butt of a gun crashed into the mass. It was the Dutchman, Schmitt, fighting like a demon, his strength that of an ox. They gave way in terror before him, and we went down battering our way, until the stairs were clear to the deck, except for the dead under foot.

When we stopped, not a fighting man was left within the sweep of our arms. They had scurried back into the darkness like so many rats, and we could only stare about blindly, cursing them, as we endeavored to recover breath. Schmitt roared like a wild bull, and would have rushed on, but for my grip on his shirt.

"Get back, men!" I ordered sharply. "There may be fifty of them yonder. Our only chance is the stairs. Do as I

say, Schmitt, or fight me. Back now!"

We flung the bodies on one side, and formed again from rail to rail. Below us there was noise enough, a babel of angry voices, but no movement of assault. I could see nothing, altho the uproar evidenced a large number of men jammed together in that blackness beneath. What they would do next was answered by a blaze of light, revealing the silhouette of a man, engaged in touching flame to a torch of hemp. It flung forth a dull, yellow glare, and revealed a scene of unimaginable horror.

Our assailants were massed half way back, so blended together I could not judge their number, many between us and the light with faces darkened by shadow. Between us, even ten feet from the stairs, the deck was littered with bodies, ghastly faces staring up, with black stains of blood everywhere. It was Manuel's hand which had kindled the light, and the first croak of his voice told his purpose.

"Now, you skulking cowards," he yelled pointing forward, "do you see what you are fighting? There are only five men between you and the deck. To hell with 'em! Come on! I'll show you the way!"

He leaped forward; but it was his last step. With one swing of my arm I sent the cleaver hurtling thru the air. I know not how it struck him, but he went down his last word a shriek, his arms flung out in vain effort to ward off the blow. Schmitt roared out a Dutch oath, and before I knew fully what had happened, his gun, sent whirling above me, had crashed into the uplifted torch. Again it was black, hideous night, thru which the eye could perceive nothing. Even the noise ceased, but a hand gripped my shoulder.

"Who are you?"

"Nigger Sam, sah. Mistah Watkins sez it's all done fixed."

"Where is he?"

"Here," answered Watkins himself in a hoarse whisper. "The boats are ready."

"Afloat?"

"Yes, sir. The one forward has pushed off loaded. The after-boat is alongside. There is such a hell of a fog, sir, yer can't see two fathoms from the ship."

"All the better for us; is the girl in the boat?"

"Safe, sir; but LeVere ain't."

"What do you mean? That he has got away? I ordered you to have Harwood watch him."

"Yes, sir; but the mate slipped out o' sight in the fog. He's somewhere aboard, but we ain't been able ter put hands on him nowhar yet."

"Never mind him; the fellow can do no harm now. Move back slowly lads. Schmitt and I will be the last ones out. Pick up that cutlass, Schmitt. We must act before those devils down there wake up again."

We closed the companion door as silently as possible and for the moment there was no sound from within to show that our cautious withdrawal had been observed. I stared about, but was able to perceive little beyond the small group awaiting my orders.

The fog clung thick and heavy on all sides, the lungs breathed it in, and the deck underfoot was as wet as tho from heavy rain. Moisture dripped from yards and canvas, and it was impossible for the eye to penetrate to either rail. Fortunately there was no weight of sea running, and the bark swung gently, still retaining steerage-way, but with not wind enough aloft to flap the sails. The silence and gloom was most depressing.

"Is there a hand at the wheel, Watkins?"

"No sir; it's lashed."

"[illegible] the quarter-boat?"

"[illegible] the mizzen-chains."

"And [illegible]"

"There, sir, below [illegible]"

"Then there is nothing more to [illegible] us aboard lads. Stow yourselves away and hang on; I'll wait here until you are all over."

THEY faded away into the mist, dim spectral figures, and I remained alone, listening anxiously for some hostile sound from below. Had I chosen the right course? I was not altogether sure, yet we had gone too far now to decide on any other. Perhaps if I had called on those men up on deck, who had loaded guns, we might have forced the escaped prisoners back into their place of confinement, and thus kept control of the vessel. Yet at that it would only mean a few hours more on board amid constant danger of revolt. It might have enabled us to salvage the gold hidden below, but I was not greatly concerned for this, as my one and only purpose was the preservation of Dorothy. The men might prove ugly when they awoke to the loss, but I had little fear of them, once we were at sea in the small boats, and their lives depended on my seamanship. Unless a storm arose our lives were in no great peril, altho I would have preferred being closer to the coast before casting adrift.

I wondered what could be the meaning of that silence below. True the fellows were leaderless and defeated, yet they were desperate spirits, and fully aware that they must attain the open deck in order to recapture the vessel. They would not remain quiet long, and once discovering our retirement, would swarm up the stairs animated with fresh courage. Satisfied that the lads were safely over the rail and the decks clear, I turned toward the ship's side. As I did so a yell reached my ears from the blackness below—the hounds had found voice.

I ran thru the fog in the direction the others had disappeared, and had taken scarcely three steps when I collided against the form of a man, whose presence was not even noticed until we came together. Yet he must have been there expectant and ready, for a quick knife thrust slashed the front of my jacket, bringing a spurt of blood as the blade was jerked back. It was a well-aimed blow at the heart, missing its mark only because of my outstretched arms, and the rapidity of my advance.

Even as my fingers gripped the uplifted wrist, 'ere he could strike the second time, I knew my antagonist. I knew also this was a fight to the death, a sharp remorseless struggle to be terminated before that unguarded crew below could attain the deck.

It was LeVere's life or mine, and in the balance the fate of those others in the waiting boat alongside. The knowledge gave me the strength and ferocity of a tiger; all the hate and distrust I felt for the man came uppermost. In that moment of rage I did not so much care what happened to me, if I was only privileged to kill him.

I ripped the knife from his fingers, and we closed with bare hands; our muscles cracking to the strain, his voice uttering one croaking cry for help as I bore in on his windpipe. He was a snake, a cat, slipping out of my grip as by some magic, turning and twisting like an eel, yet unable to wholly escape, or overcome, my strength and skill. At last I had him prone against the rail, the weight of us both so hard upon it, the stout wood cracked, and we both went over, grappling together until we splashed into the water below. The shock, the frantic effort to save myself, must have loosened my hold, for, as I fought a way back to the surface, I was alone, lost in the veil of mist.

Blinded by fog, the water dripping from my hair, weakened by struggle and loss of blood, my mad rage against LeVere for the moment obscured all else in my mind. What had become of the fellow? Had he gone down like a stone? Or was he somewhere behind this curtain of fog? A splash to the right led me to take a dozen strokes hastily, but to no purpose. The sound was not repeated, and I no longer retained any sense of direction to guide me.

The sea was a steady swell, lifting my body on the crest of a wave, to submerge it an instant later in the deep hollow. I could feel the motion, but scarcely perceived it otherwise, as the thick gray mist obscured everything three feet away. It deadened and confused sound also. Again and again I felt I located the near presence of the Namur, the sound of feet on deck, the shout of a voice, the flapping of canvas against the yards; but as I desperately turned that way, the noise ceased, or else apparently changed into another point of compass.

Once a cry reached me, thrilling with despair, altho I could not catch the words, and again came to me plainly enough the clank of an oar in its rowlock. I struck out madly for the point from whence it came, only to find the same rolling water, and obscuring fog. My strength began to fail, hope left me as I sank deeper and deeper into the remorseless grip of the sea.

There was nothing left to fight for, to struggle after; the fog about me became red and purple before my straining eyes, and then slowly grew black; my muscles refused to respond to my will; I no longer swam, but floated so low in water the crest of the waves swept over my face. I no longer cared, gripped by a strange, almost delicious languor. I was not afraid; my lips uttered no cry, no prayer—I drifted out into total unconsciousness and went down.

CHAPTER XXV.
THE OPEN BOAT.

I CAME back to a consciousness of pain and illness, unable at once to realize where I was, or feel any true sense of personality. I seemed to be floating thru the air, aware dimly of suffering, but helplessly in the grasp of some power beyond all struggling against. Then slowly I comprehended that I rested in a boat, tossed about by a fairly heavy sea; that it was night and there were stars visible in the sky overhead.

I stared at these, vacant of thought, wondering at their gleam, when a figure seemed to lean over me, and I caught the outline of a face, gazing eagerly down into my own. Instantly memory came back in a flash—this was not death, but life; I was in a boat with her. I could not move my hands, and my voice was but a hoarse whisper.

"Yes—yes," swiftly. "It is all right, but you must lie still. Watkins, Captain Carlyle is conscious. What shall I do?"

He must have been behind us at the steering oar, for his gruff, kindly voice sounded very close.

"Yer might lift him up, miss," he said soberly. "He'll breathe easier. How's that, Captain?"

"Much easier," I managed to breathe. "I guess I am all right now. You fished me out?"

"Sam did. He got a boat hook in your collar. We cast off when yer went overboard, and cruised about in the fog hunting fer yer. Who was it yer was fightin' with, sir?"

"LeVere."

"That's what I told the lads. He's a goner, I reckon?"

"I never saw him after we sank. Are all the men here?"

"All but those in the forward boat, sir. They got away first, an' we ain't had no sight ov 'em since. Maybe we will when it gets daylight."

"Who had charge?"

"Harwood, sir; he's the best man o' ther lot, an' a good sailor. I give him a compass, an' told him ter steer west. Wus thet right?"

"All I could have told him," I admitted, lifting myself on one elbow to look about. "I haven't had an observation, and it is all guesswork. I know the American coast lies in that direction, but that is about all. I couldn't tell if it be a hundred, or a hundred and fifty miles away. So the fog has lifted without a storm?"

"Yes, sir, but left an ugly sea. There has been plenty o' wind somewhere, but we seem to be out of it. Must a bin midnight when the mist lifted."

"Is it as late as that? I must have been in bad shape when you pulled me in?"

"We thought you was gone, sir. You was bleedin' some too, but only from flesh wounds. The young lady she just wouldn't let yer die. She worked over yer for two or three hours, sir, afore I hed any hope."

Her eyes were downcast and her face turned away, but I reached out my hand and clasped her fingers. They remained quietly in my grasp, but neither of us spoke. The boat lay before me a black shadow under the stars, flung up on the crests of the waves and darting down into the hollows. It required all of Watkins' skill to keep it upright, the flying spray constantly dashing against our faces. The men were but dimly revealed, sitting with heads lowered beneath the slight protection afforded by the lug sail, altho one was upon his knees, throwing out the water which dashed in over the front rail. He was succeeding so poorly I called to another to help him, and the two fell to the job with new vigor.

I could not distinguish the faces of the fellows, but counted nine altogether in the boat, and felt assured the huge bulk at the foot of the mast was the Dutchman Schmitt. Beyond these dim outlines there was nothing for the eye to rest upon, only a few yards of black sea in every direction, rendered visible by the reflected starshine and the dull glow of crested waves. It was dismal, awe inspiring, and I felt that I must speak to break the dreadful silence.

My eyes sought the averted face beside me, and, for a moment in peculiar hesitancy, observed the silhouette of cheek and form. She rested against the gunwale, her eyes on the dark vista of sea, her chin cupped in her hand. The mystery of the night and ocean was in her motionless posture. Only as her hand gently pressed mine did I gain courage, with a knowledge that she recognized and welcomed my presence.

"Watkins says I owe my life to you," I said, so low the words were scarcely audible above the dash of water along-

(Continued on Page 19.)

Taste is a matter of tobacco quality

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of Turkish and Domestic tobaccos—blended

A Page for the Woman in the Home

VICTORIA GREY'S TALKS TO WOMEN

FINE morning, isn't it! At least it is here when I write. In fact it is hard to realize that it could be snowing anywhere in the world today. Again, it is difficult to appreciate the fact that in the far south the air is so heavy and balmy and scented that the sun is scarcely to be seen thru the richness of it and thru the heavy-lashed palms. Yet I often think of the people I know in all of these climes who have started out in life from the same university I did.

How well I remember graduation, and especially the class prophesies. How well I remember May Emma, the shy girl, who never attracted the society of young men and who never cared to. It was said of her, "Man she will ever mistrust and hold the virgin candle to light her sisters to the ballot box."

Today, May Emma is living with her third husband in a luxurious suite in one of his hotels in the brightest street in one of the largest cities in the world. You see she developed after graduation.

There was a sunny, good-natured girl named Evelyn. She was very attractive, especially to the young men of the class. I mention this phase of it because, well—what woman isn't interested in the subject? One could always see Evelyn on the campus surrounded by a swarm of young men. They followed her everywhere! Her prophesy stated, "She will heartbreak her way to a throne." However, Dame Fate plays strange tricks and Evelyn has been a file clerk in one of the cheaper department stores ever since. No, she has never married. She goes to her boarding-house with a keen appetite each night, and after finishing her landlady's bounteous dinner, washes and irons her organdie collar and vestee, marcels her hair on an electric iron and goes to bed.

But the most poignant discrepancy between prophesy and the thing that really happened was in the case of a girl named Ursula. She was an apparently frivolous, fun-loving, gorgeous little piece of vanity; the most lovable and beloved combination of human traits I have ever seen or known. Every one loved Ursula. If we had a good time at a University tea, you may wager your bottom dollar that Ursula was there.

Ursula wondered at many things in life. One thing that was a source of wonder to her was the "class dig," the girl who stood highest and spent all of her time studying. "The poor, misguided creature," Ursula used to laugh, "digging her young life away. When she has learned all she wants to she'll be too old and ugly for her knowledge to do her any good."

Or if we passed a student carrying a book on "Uplift," "Of all the dry subjects," Ursula would ejaculate. "How do they get that way! Not meaning to use slang, Victoria, but honestly! How do they get that way?"

"Why, I suppose," I would say, "that the fellow feels for his brother human and is striving to solve the problems of suffering humanity. I should think that a subject worth studying," I would pipe, sanctimoniously.

Ursula would toss her head. "Oh, I suppose so," she'd answer with a little lift to her lips that made me feel she was capitulating in words only.

I was studying the violin at that time and Ursula was charming at dancing. We had been chums all thru school. The prophesy stated, "Ursula and Victoria will have an act on the vaudeville stage, Ursula doing the Terpsichorean and Victoria making the music for her."

Well, we both fell into the writers' game. We both wrote fiction and articles. But the more Ursula wrote, the more she became conscious of the problems of a weeping world. Her heart discovered in itself such a Gethsemane of human sympathy that it virtually crucified her every day. She became so vibrant to the woes of the world that her life was filled with sorrow. And in her last endeavor to right a wrong, she was foully murdered in a mysterious way. The little laughing Ursula became the spirit of the Christ, recrucified.

YOUR SUNDAY MENU

BREAKFAST.

Apples
Cereal and Milk
Fish Sausages Toast
Coffee or Milk

DINNER.

Veal Cutlets
Fried Potatoes
Carrots and Peas
Jam Roly-poly

SUPPER.

Boiled Hominy
Bacon
Lettuce and Mayonnaise
Fig Cake

Fish Sausages.

Two teacupfuls of cooked fish, two teaspoonfuls of cooked rice (more, if liked), half a teaspoonful of dried herbs. Salt and pepper to taste. One small egg, or a tablespoonful of the water the rice was boiled in.

Pound the fish smoothly, having taken out all bone and skin, add the rice, herbs, seasoning, and egg or stock. Add stock, to moisten. Mix and roll into little sausages. Roll in crumbs and fry in hot fat.

Boiled Hominy.

The hominy should be soaked over night, whether the large or small kind be used. Boil in slightly salted water for three hours, allowing a quart of water for a pint of hominy. If it is to be served as a vegetable, stir butter, pepper, and a little cream into it while hot, and serve in a warm dish.

Roly-poly Pudding.

Make a dough as for soda and cream of tartar biscuit and roll it about a fourth of an inch thick. Spread over it—leaving an inch uncovered at the edges—jam or marmalade. Roll it up quite tight. Sew the pudding in a cloth, leaving room for it to rise. Boil or steam an hour if the pudding is of medium size. Serve with any pudding sauce preferred, or sugar and cream.

THE HOUSEWIFE'S WEEKLY ECONOMY CALENDAR

BEDS WELL MADE

THOSE who have had the hiring and training of a great number of house-workers will tell you that it is harder to find a girl or woman who makes a bed really well, than to find a good waitress, or even a good cook. It needs special training, and some people never can be taught the trick of making beds well. They can make beds for a time as they should be, but they lapse back into old, careless methods unless constantly supervised.

Perhaps young women who have received hospital training make the best beds, and they surely know the importance of making beds with precision. In their training they are taught that the merest wrinkle or crease is fault enough for a reprimand from their supervisor.

But beds cannot be well made with poor bedding. Sheets must be large enough and of heavy enough material to make it possible to pull them taut and tuck them securely under the mattress. Pillow cases must fit the pillows with something like precision. Blankets must be of the right size, neither too large nor too small.

Usually this depends more on care and attention in buying than in the expenditure of large amounts of money. The housewife who is particular about her beds takes measurements of her pillows, and then if they are of various sizes has special pillow cases to fit each pillow. It is simple enough to sew a little tape on each pillow with a letter, A, B, or C, to indicate the size, and then mark the pillow cases indelibly beneath the hem with the initial of the pillow that they fit.

No beds can be well made that have loose and ill fitting pads beneath the sheets. Pads fit best that are exactly the right length and width of the mattress. If this is not possible, then they may be made to keep in place by securing them with tape attached at the corners.

Clean the Paint Brush.

PAINT brushes are expensive, if they are good. To clean a paint brush thoroly, soak for a day or two in kerosene, then wash in hot soapy water. If the paint has dried before trying to clean it, several applications of kerosene and strong soapy water may be needed. But it is worth while, as the brush will finally come out nice and clean.

Keep Linoleum Bright.

LINOLEUM rugs and floor covering may be kept bright and new by giving a good coat of white varnish twice a year. This saves wear and makes them easier to clean. Never use kerosene on oil-cloth or linoleum. It cuts the paint and makes them look dull.

To Get Rid of Moths.

PERSONS troubled with carpet moths may get rid of them by scrubbing the floor with strong hot salt and water before laying the carpet and sprinkling the carpet with salt once a week before sweeping. This is a very simple, but a very effective method.

THE RIGHT THING AT THE RIGHT TIME

WHEN WE SHAKE HANDS

AMERICANS have the reputation of being great hand shakers. It seems to Europeans that Americans find more occasion on which to shake hands than do they. Perhaps—still there is a tendency here to shake hands less than was the case a decade or so ago. There is a certain type of business man, often a salesman, who makes free use of his hand shakes. He perhaps realizes that when he can come in contact with other men with the grip of the hand he has done something to establish their faith in him. Politicians sometimes make much of the hand shake, and they sometimes overdo it.

There are some women who are very negligent in this matter of shaking hands. The hostess should shake hands with those who come within her home. This is the accepted, formal way of conveying a welcome. She should also shake hands with them when they leave. This does not apply to the unmarried daughter of the hour, who should be more reticent in this matter. Thus a mother shakes hands with her daughter's men friends when they come to the house, altho the daughter usually does not.

It is always the woman's privilege to take the initiative in this matter of hand shakes. It is a little presuming for a man to extend his hand for a hand shake unless the woman has indicated her intention to show this sign of cordiality. However, a man of venerable years, or a man of distinguished position, extends his hand in greeting women as well as men. Also when a clergyman follows the custom of standing in the vestibule of his church after service to greet members of his congregation he takes the initiative, extending his hand to women and men alike.

These Talks on Etiquette Appear Each Week in the Ledger.

What Your Name Signifies

Facts about its history; its meaning; whence it was derived; your lucky day and lucky jewel.

BY MILDRED MARSHALL

SUSAN

SUSAN first comes to light as a feminine name in the guise of Schuschannah, meaning a lily. It belonged to one of the holy women of the sepulchre, and was likewise in the calendar for two virgin martyrs by the name of Susanna, who suffered in the times of persecution, tho they were never commemorated in the Western church.

Queen Susanna, "the Lily of Tiflis" also died a martyr in the hands of the Mahometans, so Susan and its derivatives may well be said to be a holy name.

Susanna was the beautiful and virtuous wife of Joachim in the Apocryphal "History of Susanna." Her chastity questioned by certain Jewish elders, she was condemned by law, but her innocence was proved by Daniel, and her accusers put to death.

The name and its derivatives are popular thruout England, France and Switzerland. It becomes Susie in Scotland where Jamieson's popular songs give a Scottish version of the story of Becket's parents, where the Eastern maiden is introduced:

"This Moor he had but ae daughter,
Her name was called Susie Pye;
And every day as she took the air,
Near Belcham's prison gaed she by."

The English diminutive for Susan is Sue and Sukey; France has called her Suzette and Suzanne, in Switzerland the name appears as Zosa and Zosel. Germany claims Susanne, Suschen and Suse. Perhaps the quaintest derivative is the Bavarian popular name, Sanri.

The sapphire with its mysterious depths is the jewel which superstition links with the destiny of Susan. It has the power to preserve the wearer from harm, protect her from storms and poison, and attract divine favor for its owner. To dream of sapphires is a sign of a journey. Thursday should be a fortunate day for the wearer of a sapphire, and 2 her lucky number.

Next Week: PHOEBE. Watch for It.

Other departments of interest to woman and her children will be found on pages 2 12, and 26

Tangled Trails

(Continued From Page 5)

dusty planks—and the odor of violet perfume met his nostrils.

"If you'll permit me," a voice said.

The cattleman looked up. His cousin James, white to the lips, was beside him unfastening the veil.

The face of the woman in black was the original of the photograph Kirby had seen in his uncle's room, the one upon which had been written the words, "Always, Phyllis."

CHAPTER XIV.

A FRIEND IN NEED.

THE rest of the coroner's inquest was anticlimax. Those who had come to tickle their palates with excitement tasted only one other moment of it.

"According to your own story you must have been in your uncle's apartment at least a quarter of an hour, Mr. Lane," said the prosecuting attorney. "What were you doing there all that time?"

"Most of the time I was waitin' for him to return."

"Why did you not call up the police at once, as soon as you found the crime had been committed?"

"I suppose I lost my head an' went panicky. I heard some one at the door, an' I did not want to be found there. So I ran into the bedroom, put out the light, an' left by the fire escape."

"Was that the conduct one would expect of an innocent man?"

"It was the action of an innocent man."

"You don't look like a man that would lose his head, Mr. Lane."

A smile lit the brown face of the witness. "Perhaps I wouldn't where I come from, but I'm not used to city ways. I didn't know what to do. So I followed my instinct an' bolted. I was unlucky enough to be seen."

"Carry a gun, Mr. Lanes?"

"No." He corrected himself. "Sometimes I do on the range."

"Own one, I suppose?"

"Two. A .45 and a .38."

"Bring either of them to Denver?"

"No, sir."

"Did you see any gun of any kind in your uncle's rooms—either a revolver or an automatic?"

"I did not."

"That's all, sir."

The jury was out something more than an hour. The news of the verdict was brought to Kirby at the city jail by his cousin James.

"Jury finds that Uncle James came to his death from the effect of either a blow on the head by some heavy instrument or a bullet fired at close quarters by some unknown person," James said.

"Good enough. Might have been worse for me," replied Kirby.

"Yes. I've talked with the district attorney and think I can arrange for bond. We're going to take it up with the court tomorrow. My opinion is that the Hulls did this. All thru his testimony the fellow sweated fear. I've put it in the hands of a private detective agency to keep tabs on him."

The cattleman smiled ruefully. "Trouble is I'm the only witness to their panic right after the murder. Wish it had been some one else. I'm a prejudiced party whose evidence won't count for much. You're right. They've somethin' to do with it. In their evidence they shifted the time back thirty-five minutes so as to get me into Apartment 12 that much earlier. Why? If I could answer that question, I could go a long way toward solvin' the mystery of who killed Uncle James an' why he did it."

"Probably. As I see it, we have three leads to go on. One is that the guilty man is Hull. A second possibility is the unknown man from Dry Valley. A third is Horikawa, the Jap."

"How about Horikawa? Did you know him well?"

"One never knows one of these colored drifters. Perhaps I'm prejudiced because I used to live in California, but I never trust a Japanese 'fully. His sense of right and wrong is so different from mine. Horikawa is a quiet little fellow, whose thought processes I don't pretend to understand."

"Why did he run away if he had nothin' to conceal?"

"Looks bad. By the way, a Japanese housecleaner was convicted recently of killing a woman for whom he was working. He ran away, too, and was brought back later."

"Well, I don't know a thing about Japs except that they're good workers. But there's one thing about this business that puzzles me. This murder doesn't look to me like a white man's job. An American bad man kills an' is done with it. But whoever did this aimed to torture an' then kill, looks like. If not, why did they tie him up first?"

James nodded, reflectively. "Maybe something in what you say. Orientals strike me as being kind of unhuman, if you know what I mean. Maybe they have the red Indian habit of torture in Japan."

"Never heard of it if they have, but I've got a kinda notion—picked it up in my readin'—that Asiatics will go a long way to square a grudge. If this Horikaw had anything against Uncle James he might have planned this revenge an' taken the two thousand dollars to help his getaway."

"Yes, he might."

"Anyhow, I've made up my mind to one thing. You can 'most always get the truth when you go after it good an' hard. I'm goin' to find out who did this thing an' why."

James Cunningham looked into his cousin's face. A strong man himself, he recognized strength in another. Into the blue-gray eyes of the man from Twin Buttes had come a cold, steely temper that transformed the gay, boyish face. The oil broker knew Lane had no love for his uncle. His resolution was probably based on a desire to clear his own name.

"I'm with you in that," he said quietly, and his own dark eyes were hard as jade. "We'll work this out together if you say so, Kirby."

The younger man nodded. "Suits me fine." His face softened. "You mentioned three leads. Most men would have said four. On the face of it, of the evidence at hand, the guilty man is sittin' right here talkin' with you. You know that the dead man an' I had a bitter feelin' against each other. You know there was a new cause of trouble between us, an' that I told you I was goin' to get justice out of him one way or another. I'm the only man known to have been in his rooms last night. Accordin' to the Hulls I must 'a' been there when he was killed. Then, as a final proof of my guilt, I slide out by the fire escape to get away without bein' seen. I'll say the one big lead points straight to Kirby Lane."

"Yes, but there's such a thing as character," James answered. "It's written in your face that you couldn't have done it. That's why the jury said a person unknown."

"Yes, but the jury didn't know what you knew, that I had a fresh cause of quarrel with Uncle James. Do you believe me absolutely? Don't you waver at all?"

"I don't think you had any more to do with it than I had myself," answered the older cousin instantly, with conviction.

Kirby gave him his hand impulsively. "You'll sure do to ride the river with, James."

CHAPTER XV.

A GLOVE AND THE HAND IN IT.

AS ROSE saw the hand of the law closing in on Kirby, she felt as tho an ironic fate were laughing in impish glee at this horrible climax of her woe. He had sacrificed a pot of gold and his ambition to be the champion rough rider of the world in order to keep her out of trouble. Instead of that he had himself plunged into it head first.

She found herself entangled in a net from which there was no easy escape. Part, at least, of the evidence against Kirby, or at least the implication to be drawn from it, did not fit in with what she knew to be the truth. He had not been in the apartment of James Cunningham from 9:20 until 10:15. He might have been there at both times, but not for the whole interval between. Rose had the best reason in the world for knowing that.

But what was she to do? What ought she to do? If she went with her story to the district attorney, her sister's shame must inevitably be dragged forth to be flaunted before the whole world. She could not do that. She could not make little Esther the scapegoat of her conscience. Nor could she remain silent and let Kirby stay in prison. That was unthinkable. If her story would free him she must tell it. But to whom?

She read in the "Post" that James Cunningham was endeavoring to persuade the authorities to accept bond for his cousin's appearance. Swiftly Rose made up her mind what she would do. She looked up in the telephone book the name she wanted and made connections on the line.

"Is this Mr. Cunningham?" she asked.

"Mr. Cunningham talking," came the answer.

"I want to see you on very important business. Can I come this morning?"

"I think I didn't catch your name, madam."

"My name doesn't matter. I have information about—your uncle's death."

There was just an instant's pause. Then, "Ten o'clock, at the office here," Rose heard.

A dark, good-looking young man rose from a desk in the inner office when Rose entered exactly at 10. In his eyes there sparked a little flicker of surprised appreciation. Jack Cunningham was always susceptible to the beauty of women. This girl was lovely both of feature and of form. The fluent grace of the slender young body was charming, but the weariness of grief was shadowed under the longlashed eyes.

She looked around, hesitating. "I have an appointment with Mr. Cunningham," she explained.

"My name," answered the young man.

"Mr. James Cunningham?"

"Afraid you've made a mistake. I'm Jack Cunningham. This is my uncle's office. I'm taking charge of his affairs. You called his number instead of my brother's. People are always confusing the two."

"I'm sorry."

"If I can be of any service to you," he suggested.

"I read that your brother was trying to arrange bond for Mr. Lane. I want to see him about that. I am Rose McLean. My sister worked for your uncle in his office."

"Oh!" A film of wary caution settled over his eyes. It seemed to Rose that what she had said transformed him into a potential adversary. "Glad to meet you, Miss McLean. If you'd rather talk with my brother I'll make an appointment with him for you."

"Perhaps that would be best," she said.

"Of course, he's very busy. If it's anything I could do for you——"

"I'd like you both to hear what I have to say."

For the beating of a pulse his eyes thrust at her as tho they would read her soul. Then he was all smiling urbanity.

"That seems to settle the matter. I'll call my brother up and make an appointment."

Over the wire Jack put the case to his brother. Presently he hung up the receiver. "We'll go right over, Miss McLean."

They went down the elevator and passed thru the lower hall of the building to Sixteenth street. As they walked along Stout to the Equitable Building, Rose made an explanation.

"I saw you and Mr. James Cunningham at the inquest."

His memory stirred. "Think I saw you, too. 'Member your bandaged arm. Is it broken?"

"Yes."

He felt the need of talking against an inner perturbation he did not want to show. What was this girl, the sister of Esther McLean, going to tell him and his brother? What did she know about the murder of his uncle? Excitement grew in him and he talked at random to cover it.

"Fall down?"

"A horse threw me and trod on my arm."

"Girls are too venturesome nowadays." In point of fact he did not think so. He liked girls who were good sportsmen and played the game hard. But he was talking merely to bridge a mental stress. "Think they can do anything a man can do. 'Fess up, Miss McLean. You'd try to ride any horse I could, no matter how mettlesome it was. Now wouldn't you?"

"I wouldn't go that far," she said dryly. For an instant the thought flickered thru her mind that she would like to get this spick-and-span riding-school model on the back of Wild Fire and see how long he would stick to the saddle.

JAMES CUNNINGHAM met Rose with a suave courtesy, but with reserve. Like his brother, he knew of only one subject about which the sister of Esther McLean could want to talk with him. Did she intend to be reasonable? Would she accept a monetary settlement and avoid the publicity that could only hurt her sister as well as the reputation of the name of Cunningham? Or did she mean to try to impose impossible conditions? How much did she know and how much guess? Until he discovered that he meant to play his cards close.

Characteristically, Rose came directly to the point after the first few words of introduction.

"You know my sister, Esther McLean, a stenographer of your uncle?" she asked.

The girl was standing. She had declined a chair. She stood straight-backed as an Indian, carrying her head with fine spirit. Her eyes attacked the oil broker, would not yield a thousandth part of an inch to his impassivity.

"I—I have met her," he answered.

"You know . . . about her trouble?"

"Yes. My cousin mentioned it. We—my brother and I—greatly regret it. Anything in reason that we can do we shall, of course, hold ourselves bound for."

He flashed a glance at Jack, who murmured a hurried agreement. The younger

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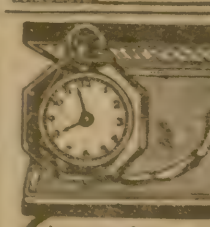

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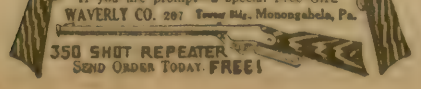

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man's eyes were busy examining a calendar on the wall.

"I didn't come to see you about that now," the young woman went on, cheeks flushed, but chin held high. "Nor would I care to express my opinion of the . . . creature who could take advantage of such a girl's love. I intend to see justice is done my sister, as far as it can be done. But not today. First, I'm here to ask you if you're friends of Kirby Lane. Do you believe he killed his uncle?"

"No," replied James promptly. "I am quite sure he didn't kill him. I am trying to get him out on bond. Any sum that is asked I'll sign for."

"Then I want to tell you something you don't know. The testimony showed that Kirby went to his uncle's apartment about 9:20 and left nearly an hour later. That isn't true."

"How do you know it isn't?"

"Because I was there myself part of the time."

Jack stared at her in blank dismay. Astonishment looked at her, too, from the older brother's eyes.

"You were in my uncle's apartment—on the night of the murder?" James said at last.

"I was. I came to Denver to see him—to get justice for my sister. I didn't intend to let the villain escape scot free for what he had done."

"Pardon me," interrupted Jack, and the girl noticed his voice had a queer note of anxiety in it. "Did your sister ever tell you that my uncle was responsible for——?" He left the sentence in air.

"No, she won't talk yet. I don't know why. But I found a note signed with his initials. He's the man. I know that."

James looked at his brother. "I think we may take that for granted, Jack. We'll accept such responsibilities on us as it involves. Perhaps you'd better not interrupt Miss McLean till she has finished her story."

"I made an appointment with him after I had tried all day to get him on the 'phone or to see him. That was Thursday, the day I reached town."

"He was in Colorado Springs all that day," explained James.

"Yes, he told me so when I reached him finally at the City Club. He didn't want to see me, but I wouldn't let him off till he agreed. So he told me to come to the Paradox and he would give me ten minutes. He told me not to come till nearly 10, as he would be busy. I think he hoped that by putting it so late and at his rooms he would deter me from coming. But I intended to see him. He couldn't get away from me so easily as that. I went."

Jack moistened his lips. His debonair ease had quite vanished. "When did you go?"

"It was quite a little past a quarter to 10 when I reached his rooms."

"Did you meet any one going up or coming down?" asked James.

"A man and a woman passed me on the stairs."

"A man and a woman," repeated Jack, almost in a whisper. His attitude was tense. His eyes burned with excitement.

"Was it light enough to tell who they were?" James asked. His cold eyes did not lift from here until she answered.

"No. It was entirely dark. The woman was on the other side of the man. I wouldn't have been sure she was a woman except for the rustle of her skirts and the perfume."

"Sure it wasn't the perfume you use yourself that you smelled?"

"I don't use any."

"You stick to it that you met a man and a woman, but couldn't possibly recognize either of them," James Cunningham said, still looking straight at her.

She hesitated an instant. Somehow she did not quite like the way he put this. "Yes," she said steadily.

"You didn't take the elevator up, then?"

"No. I'm not used to automatic elevators. I rang when I got to the door. Nobody answered, but the door was wide open. I rang again, then went in and switched on the light. There didn't seem to be anybody in. I didn't feel right about it. I wanted to go. But I wouldn't because I thought maybe he—your uncle—was trying to dodge me. I looked into the bedroom. He wasn't there. So after a little I went to a door into another room that was shut and knocked on it. I don't know why I opened it when no answer came. Something seemed to move my hand to the knob. I switched the light on there."

"Yes?" James asked, gently.

The girl gulped. She made a weak, small gesture with her hand, as tho to push from her mind the horrible sight her eyes had looked upon. "He was dead, in the chair, tied to it. I think I screamed. I'm not sure. But I switched off the light and shut the door. My knees were weak, and I felt awf'lly queer in the head. I was crazy to get away from the place, but I couldn't seem to have the power to move. I leaned against the door, weak and limp as a small puppy. Then I heard some one comin' up the stairs, and I knew I mustn't be caught there. I switched off the lights just as some one came to the landing outside."

"Who was it? Did he come in?" asked Jack.

"He rang and knocked two or three times. Then he came in. I was standing by the table with my hand on some kind of heavy metal paperweight. His hand was groping for the light switch. I could tell that. He must have heard me, for he called out, 'Who's there?' In the darkness there I was horribly frightened. He might be the murderer come back. If not, of course he'd think I had done it. So I tried to slip by him. He jumped at me and caught me by the hand. I pulled away from him and hit hard at his face. The paperweight was still in my hand and he went down just as tho a hammer had hit him. I ran out of the room, downstairs, and out into the street."

"Without meeting anybody?"

"Yes."

"You don't know who it was you struck?"

"Unless it was Kirby."

"Jove! That explains the bruise on his chin," Jack cried out. "Why didn't he tell us that?"

The color flushed the young woman's cheeks. "We're friends, he and I. If he guessed I was the one that struck him he wouldn't tell."

"How would he guess it?" asked James.

"He knew I meant to see your uncle—meant to make him do justice to Esther. I suppose I'd made wild threats. Besides, I left my glove there on the table, I think. I'd taken it off with some notion of writing a note telling your uncle I had been there and that he had to see me next day."

"The police didn't find a woman's glove in the room, did they?" James asked his brother.

"Didn't hear of it if they did," Jack

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No. 1254.—Girls' Dress. Cut in sizes 4, 6, 8, 10 and 12 years. Size 8 requires 3 yards 36-inch material with ½ yard 36-inch lining. Price 12 cents.

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replied, as if not interested.

"That's it, you see," explained Rose. "Kirby would know my glove. It was a small riding-gauntlet with a rose embroidered on it. He probably took it with him when he left. He kept still about the whole thing because I was the woman and he was afraid of gettin' me into trouble."

"Sounds reasonable," agreed James.

"That's how it was. Kirby's a good friend. He'd never tell on me if they hanged him for it."

"They won't do that, Miss McLean," the older brother assured her. "We're going to find who did this thing. Kirby and I have shaken hands on that. But about your story. I don't quite see how we're going to use it. We must protect your sister, too, as well as my cousin. If we go to the police with your evidence and ask them to release Kirby, they'll want to arrest you."

"I know," she nodded wisely, " and of course they'd find out about Esther then and the papers would get it and scatter the story everywhere."

"Exactly. We must protect her first. Kirby wouldn't want anything done that would hurt her. Suppose we put it up to him and see what he wants to do."

"But we can't have him kept in jail," she protested.

"I'll get him out on bond; if not today, tomorrow."

"Well," she agreed reluctantly. "If that's the best we can do."

Rose would have liked to have paid back Kirby's generosity in kind. If her sister had not been a factor of the equation she would have gone straight to the police with her story and suffered arrest gladly to help her friend. But the circumstances did not permit a heroic gesture. She had to take and not give.

CHAPTER XVI.
THE LADY WITH THE VIOLET PERFUME.

"I WON'T have it," Kirby said flatly. "If Miss McLean tells her story to the district attorney he'll probably arrest her. It'll come out about her sister an' the papers will run scare-heads. No need of it a-tall. Won't hurt me to stay here a few days if I have to."

Jack, dapper and trim, leaned on his cane and watched his cousin. He felt a reluctant admiration for this virile cousin so picturesquely competent, so clean-cut and four-square of mind. Was he in love with the Wild Rose from Wyoming, whose spirit also was like a breath from the sweet hill pines? Or was his decision only the expression of a native chivalry that went out to all his friends and perhaps to all women?

"They'd certainly arrest her," Jack commented. "From a lawyer's point of view there's every reason why they should. Motive for the crime, sufficient; intention to force the victim to make reparation or punish him, declared openly; opportunity to commit it, confessed; presence on scene and eagerness to escape being seen there, admitted. The case against her is stronger than the one against you." He offered this last with a smile decorously, but not wholly concealed.

"Yet she couldn't possibly have done it!" the cattleman replied.

"Couldn't she? I wonder." The Beau Brummel stroked his bit of mustache, with the hint of insolence his manner often suggested.

"Not possibly," said Lane forcefully. "Uncle James was a big, two-fisted fighter. No slip of a girl could have overpowered him an' tied him. It's not within reason." He spoke urgently, tho still in the low murmur both the cousins were using in order not to be overheard.

Jack put a neat, highly-polished boot on the desk of the sergeant of police. "Every hear of a lady called Delilah?" he asked lightly.

"What about her?" In Kirby's quiet eye there was a warning.

The man-about-town shrugged his well-tailored shoulders. "They have a way, the ladies. Guile, my son, is more potent than force."

"Meaning?"

"Delilah chloroformed Samson's suspicions before she sheared his locks."

Kirby repressed an anger that he knew was worse than futile. "If you knew Miss McLean you couldn't misjudge her so. She thinks an' acts as straight as a man."

"I don't say she did it, old top. I'm merely pointing out that it's possible she did. Point of fact your friend made a hit with me. I'd say she's a game little thorobred."

"You an' James will regard what she told you as confidential, of course."

"Of course. We're of your mind, too, tho I put her proposition to you. Can't see anything to be gained by airing her story unless it's absolutely necessary on your account. By the way, James wants me to tell you that he thinks you won't have to spend another night at this delightful hotel the city keeps for its guests. Bond has been practically agreed on."

"Fine. Your brother's a brick. We're goin' to run down this business, he an' I, an' drag the truth to light."

A glitter of sardonic mockery shone out of the dark eyes of Cunningham. "You'll work together fine and Sherlock-Holmes this thing till it's as clear as mud," he predicted.

By the middle of the afternoon Kirby was free. After he had talked over with James a plan of campaign, he called Rose up on the telephone and told her he would be right out to Cherokee street.

She came to meet him in the stuffy parlor of the boarding-house with hand outstretched. "Oh, Kirby, I'm so glad too see you and so sorry I was such a horrid little beast last time we met. I'm ashamed of myself. My temper explodes so—and after you came to Denver to help me and gave up so much for me. You'll forgive me, won't you?"

"You know it, Rose," he said, smiling.

"Yes, I do know it," she cried quickly. "That makes it worse for me to impose on you. Now you're in trouble because of me. I should think you'd pretty near hate me."

"We're in trouble together," he corrected. "I thought that was supposed to bring friends closer an' not to drive them apart."

She flashed a quick look at him and changed the subject of conversation. Just now she could not afford to be emotional.

"Are you going back to Twin Buttes?"

"No. I'm goin' to find out who killed James Cunningham an' bring the man to justice. That's the only way to clear us both before the world."

"Yes!" she cried eagerly. "Let me help you. Let's be partners in it, Kirby."

He already had one partner, but he threw him overboard instantly. James Cunningham was retired to the position of an adviser.

"Bully! We'll start this very minute. Tell me all you know about what happened the evenin' of the murder."

She told again the story she had confessed to his cousins. He asked questions, pushed home inquiries. When she mentioned the woman who had passed her on the stairs he showed a keen interest.

"You say you knew it was a woman with the man by the perfume. What kind of perfume was it?"

"Violet."

"Did you notice a violet perfume any other place that night?"

"In your uncle's living-room."

"Sure?"

"Yes."

"So did I."

"The woman I met on the stairs, then, had just come from your uncle's rooms."

"Looks like it," he nodded in agreement.

"Then we've got to find her. She must have been in his apartment when he was killed." The thought came to Rose as a revelation.

"Or right after."

"All we've got to do is to find her and the man with her, and we've solved the mystery," the girl cried eagerly.

"That's not quite all," said Kirby, smiling at the way her mind leaped gaps. "We've got to induce them to talk, an' it's not certain they know any more than we do."

"Her skirts rustled like silk and the perfume wasn't cheap. I couldn't really see her, but I knew she was well dressed," Rose told him.

"Well, that's somethin'," he said with the whimsical quirk to his mouth she knew of old. "We'll advertise for a well-dressed lady who uses violet perfume. Supposed to be connected with the murder at the Paradox Apartments. Generous reward an' many questions asked."

His badinage was of the surface only. The subconscious mind of the rough rider was preoccupied with a sense of a vague groping. The thought of violet perfume associated itself with something else in addition to the darkness of his uncle's living-room, but he did not find himself able to localize the nebulous memory. Where was it his nostrils had whiffed the scent more recently?

"Don't you think we ought to see all the tenants at the Paradox and talk with them? Some of them may have seen people going in or out. Or they may have heard voices," she said.

"That's a good idea. We'll make a canvass of the house."

Her eyes sparkled. "We'll find who did it! When two people look for the truth intelligently they're bound to find it. Don't you think so?"

"I think we'll sure round up the wolf

(Continued on Page 23.)

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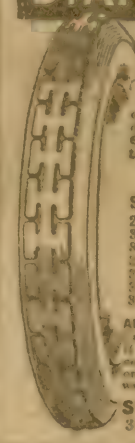

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[illegible]	6.20	1.50	36x4½	9.15	2.60
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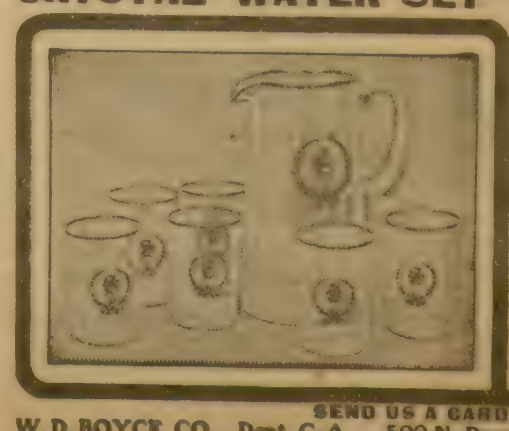

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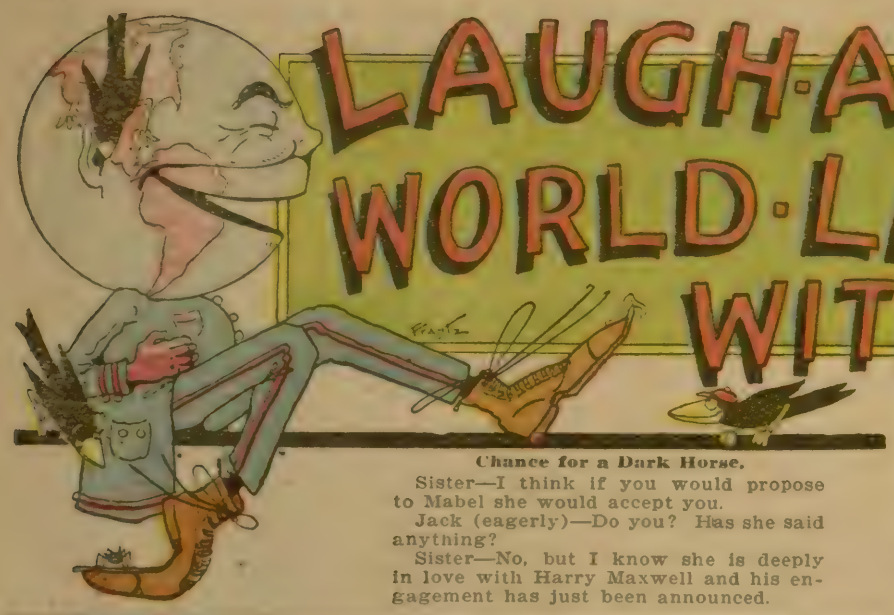


Chance for a Dark Horse.

Sister—I think if you would propose to Mabel she would accept you.

Jack (eagerly)—Do you? Has she said anything?

Sister—No, but I know she is deeply in love with Harry Maxwell and his engagement has just been announced.

WHY, INDEED?

Mrs. Palmer (looking up from her book)—In some parts of Africa a man doesn't know his wife until after he has married her.

Mr. Palmer (without looking up from his newspaper)—Why mention Africa especially?

The Reason.

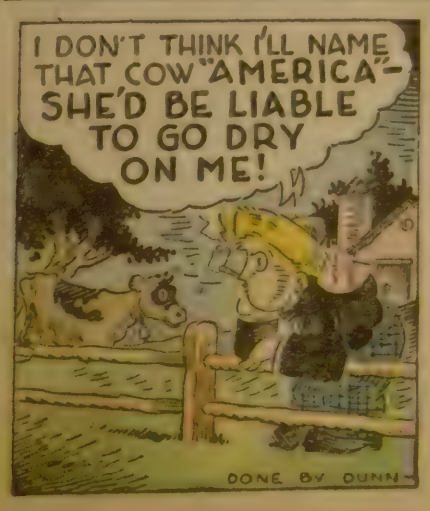
Editor (to joke that has appeared on his desk)—You seem a bit familiar, but a can't just place you.

Joke—Nothing surprising about that; nobody can since my visit to England.

WHY?

The good old hen is on the job,
We understand her tricks;
But what I want to know—dear Sam,
Is what makes men lay bricks?

SOLID IVORY



Anybody Out?

A British railway guard found himself employed on a Welsh railway. On his first trip the train stopped at Llanwillcaerogochyllpwal. He got out of his van and stared at the station board. Then he made a sweeping gesture with his arm and cried, "If there's anybody for here, this is it!"

Poker Taxation.

"What do you regard as the most satisfactory form of taxation?"

"The kitty in a poker game," replied Senator Sorghum. "It's liberal and perfectly reliable, and at the same time everybody is too much engaged in trying to win to notice the expense."

The Man Who Does.

"When I hears a man lecturin' 'bout de 'sponsibilities foh street cleanin'," said Uncle Eben, "I ain't got time to listen. But when I sees one shovelin' snow, I takes my hat off to him."

Another Foolish Question

"Can you swim, little boy?"
"Yes, sir."
"Where did you learn?"
"In the water, sir."

Exclusive.

Celebrity—Are you familiar with Shakespeare?

Mrs. Gotrox (haughtily)—I am never familiar with anybody.

Papa's Foot.

"Papa says he's going to put his foot down and stop your visits."

"Are you sure he said down?"

WISE BOY

THE little boy who had received his first jilting was eating far too many sweets. "Why can't you be contented with a few, like other boys?" asked his mother.

"Mummy," he answered, "daddy told me that a man who smokes too much gets smoker's heart, and a man who rows too much gets rowers' heart and—well—I'm eating sweets too much."

A Family Affair.

"Instead of urging these men to fight, you ought to try to stop them," said the indignant bystander.

"Don't you worry about this little set-to," said the man who was holding the belligerents' hats and coats. "Both of them are kin to me and no matter which one wins I can't lose."

Their Taking Ways.

There was a swap social in Oak Park the other evening. The local paper, commenting on it, said: "Everybody took something they didn't need. Many of the ladies took their husbands."

SIMPLE.

I cannot sing the old songs
Because they are forgotten;
I cannot sing the new songs
Because they are so rotten.

QUALIFYING IT

"NOW, bruddren and sistahs," solemnly said good old Parson in the course of a recent experience meeting. "I axes yo' pra'rs for our Brudder Simmons, what has dess 'knowledged dat he's been a mizzable sinner, and——"

"Hole on a minute, pahson! Hole on, if yo' please, sah!" interrupted Goat Simmons, the gambling man. "I didn't specify nuth'n' 'bout bein' mizzable. I owns up dat I's been a sinner for lo dese many years. But in de intrust o' truth and velocity I's got to say dat I'll be dogged if I ever was as mizzable as a whole lot o' de brudders dat walked in de path of correctitude all de while. I dess quit mah sins uh-kaze dey don't pay; dat's all!"

Only Finger Tips.

"Do you ever see any tips in this hotel?"

"Only finger tips, sir, when they reach out for the change."

Hubbies Will Call Him Blessed.

Shopper—I want to buy a necktie for my husband.

Clerk—Sorry, madam, but we are not permitted to sell neckties to women who are unaccompanied by men.

That Was a Peach.

"What was the biggest mistake you ever made?"

"Thinking I was too foxy to make a big mistake."

A Black Outlook.

He—Be mine, darling. You are the lamp that alone can light my existence.

She—Yes, dear, but papa doesn't think you are a good match for me.

Preparedness.

"The chairman hasn't shown up yet and we can't transact any business without him. What are we going to do?"

"I don't know much about parliamentary rules, gentlemen," said the new member of the committee, "but there are four of us here and I have a deck of cards in my pocket."

Hardly.

An Irishman had squeezed himself into a seat in the car between two fat women, and presently began wriggling about.

"I'm afraid you are not very comfortable!" commented one of the ladies.

"Well," responded the man, "I haven't much room to grumble!"

His Promise.

"Papa, will you buy me a drum?" asked a little lad of his father.

"But, my boy," answered papa, "I'm afraid you will disturb me very much with it."

"Oh, no, I won't, papa," promised the little fellow, "I'll only play it when you're asleep."

Not in Those Days.

Mrs. Nexdore—Your boy threw a lump of coal at our cat.

Mr. Naybor—I'll attend to the young rascal. Not that we care anything about your cat, but no boy of mine is going to waste coal in that manner.

Wrong Party.

The telephone rang, and the physician replied in his usual gentle voice. Then he crashed down the receiver.

"Quick! Hand me my bag!" he cried. "A man has just telephoned in a dying voice that he cannot live without me."

"Wait," said his wife, who had picked up the receiver, "that call is for Edith."

A Lightweight Citizen.

"Just to look at Mr. Pompleigh, you'd think the world couldn't wag without him."

"Maybe so," said Mr. Grumpson, "but after hearing him talk for five minutes you'd realize that he wouldn't be indispensable to a town of only 500 inhabitants."

Women Is Women.

"Not many women care much for outdoor sports, do they?"

"Oh, I don't know. Did you ever see one who did not like to hunt bargains, fish for compliments, be in the swim, play a love game, make a hit with her clothes——"

"'Snough! I was wrong!"

Smaller Bird.

"I have heard men," said Senator Sorghum, "discoursing most eloquently on the American eagle, when what their minds were really on was quail on toast."

Her Anxiety.

Doctor—I'm afraid I'll have to operate for appendicitis.

Beauty—Oh, doctor, will the scar show?

"Not unless you go into the movies."

Readers accustomed to solving the Ledger puzzles will find them on Page 26, under the heading "Something to Make Thinkers Think."

Ole Zeke

(Continued From Page 4)

crags. The deer—sleek bucks and proud does with their spotted youngsters—appeared unostentatiously again among the flaming aspen brakes of the lower slopes.

It was a fat season for the young prowlers. Bucks were busy fighting among themselves and does were too occupied with this season's love-making to care properly for last year's still helpless offspring. Scratchcat flourished upon young venison. His stricken sister, now nearly blind in both eyes from the ever-creeping quills, clung close to him and managed to tear off and bolt enough of the tender meat to keep her alive.

Nor were they the only hunters taking advantage of the deer's return. Often from sheltered rocks on Storm Mountain the kittens heard the distant crash of a rifle and knew that they had competitors.

On an evening late in October the two kittens, prowling in search of food, came suddenly around a shelf of rock and halted. At least Scratchcat halted and glued his belly to the rock. Only his gleaming eyes moved to locate the scent that tainted the air. It had been months since he had known the scent, but at its first suggestion he felt the impulse to slink and snarl. Hatred since as he had not felt since his escape from his cage took possession of him at the first whiff of the man scent; hatred and the rage to kill, when he knew he dared not kill, shook his body while he crouched and glared.

His companion, her three important senses practically destroyed by the festering quills, blundered on, whimpering because he did not lead the way. The crouching cat heard the crack of a rifle near at hand, heard the cry of pain from his sister, and saw her body crumple and slide over the rock. Startled, he turned to run. Another report. A hot pain flashed along his back from rump to shoulder that burned like the welts raised by Rancher Goodman's quirt. As he cleared the shoulder of the mountain and stopped to lick the stinging wound, he remembered those welts and his hate redoubled.

III.

MORNING was breaking. The high peaks, still blanketed in white clouds, were just sensing the first pink light of day when the exhausted kitten ceased his flight out of the North Fork country and dragged himself under a rocky shelf at the foot of Pyramid Mountain. In his hegira along unfamiliar trails, driven by the torture of the stiffening gunshot wound and insane with bitterness toward man, he had put many miles between himself and his enemy.

From his long sleep of utter weariness he awoke to find himself in a country very different from the one he had left. Gentle slopes took the place of the precipitous sides of Storm Mountain. The trees were few and clumped about the water holes. On this open range deer grazed in tame indifference, and the few cattle that he saw trampling the mud about the springs were as shy as any big horn. As far as he could see from his lookout there were no signs of the habitation of man. Here, he decided, was an ideal place to bide the time when he could return to his old haunts and settle some scores that had been accumulating almost since the day of his birth.

A long winter set in. Paralyzing cold and the struggle with other killers more mature than himself for every mouthful of food reduced him to a skeleton and aggravated his hatred of man, whom he held responsible for his plight.

Gaunt as a shadow, hard as steel and cunning far beyond his years, he was ready for spring and its new crop of calves and fawns. Thru the summer he flourished and forgot the lean months behind him. Autumn came again, the second since Rancher Goodman had carried him to captivity. Scrub oak and mountain mahogany tipped by streamers of flashing aspen set the hills aflame. Once more the deer came down from the high places, their yellow coats tinged with the blue of the haze that veiled the mountains. The cattle bunched again about the water-holes.

A young cow one day came upon Scratchcat just finishing a meal from the remains of her beloved firstborn. Wide-eyed and bellowing she rushed him, and in an open, catch-as-catch-can fight the lion clawed his way to her neck and dragged her down. Then for the first time he knew that he was grown. In the glory of his new-found strength he dragged the limp body past the panic-stricken herd and cached it under a fallen tree.

From that time on the young cat took his place among the wilds beasts of the open range. He hunted and fought with confidence born of a powerful body. He prowled and stole audaciously. He brawled riotously with other toms for a mate and then deserted his family in an almost human, entirely cat-like manner. From hunters and scattered homesteaders ever pushing their fences farther back into the open range there came tale after tale of a mountain lion, big as—nobody knew how big, that killed more cattle, ate more mutton and scared away more deer than any other six lions that had ever ranged the hills. Out of the things they told of him and of the printable things they called him there gradually crystallized a name, and Ole Zeke came to share in the notoriety of Ole Mose, the famous grizzly of the Western slope, and Three Toes, the stock-killing lobo of southern Wyoming. Almost yearly the newspapers of the nearby cities published accounts of his capture or death. Just as often he turned up again with an extra heavy kill to his credit to prove the exaggeration of the report.

For many days Zeke crouched on an overhanging ledge on Pyramid and thru drowsy eyes watched the newest intruding homesteader and his family pitch their tent and set to work on their log cabin. Lazily he wondered if it might not be worth his while to sneak down and carry off a man cub as a welcome change from the monotony of veal and venison. Perhaps, pondering this, his thoughts easily turned to another ranch far to the north, and recalled the many unsettled scores between himself and the man and his dog who lived there. Without a look behind, with the unquestioning directness that has made the cat famous for his "come-back," he headed for the Goodman ranch, on the North Fork of the Big Thompson. Out of the open hills, down into the canyon across the main stream and up the Crozier he back-tracked his 4-year-old trail as unerringly as tho it had been made only a few hours before and the scent on the rocks was still warm.

On Thanksgiving night he crouched in the shelter of North Rock on the face of Triangle and howled a grim challenge that was caught up on the wind with the whirling snow flakes and hurled into the valley below. Rancher Goodman, bowing reverently over the steaming "piece de resistance" of an old fashioned New England Thanksgiving dinner, heard the cry and added a hasty postscript to his annual "word of thanksgiving."

"And for a good house and shelter from storm and wild beasts, O Lord, make us thankful. Amen!"

On the third morning after Thanksgiving Rancher Goodman stood in the trampled snow of the sheep corral, a puzzled man. Eleven sheep had been slaughtered the night before; a thing not extraordinary in itself either because of its novelty or because of the number of sheep killed.

"Another one of them pesky lions," Goodman "calc'lated" until he saw the track of the killer. Then he wondered. While he hurried to the tool house for his rule, he doubted, and when he found that the tracks measured over five inches in width in the new snow, he was frankly puzzled. Even with the tracks staring at him out of the havoc of last night's raid he could not believe that such an animal existed in that part of the world. He doubted his own eyes and before any neighbor happened by to verify his measurements, drifting snow had obliterated the tracks.

THE next morning Goodman missed Rags. There were as many reasons why Rags should not have been a sheep-dog as there were strains in his mongrel blood. Unfaithfulness to duty, however, was not one of them; so when the rancher found his sheep in a turmoil and the dog missing he instigated a search. In a clump of jack pines, buried beneath the bodies of twenty-nine of his finest rams, he found what Ole Zeke had left of Rags. This time he could not ignore the fact that stared him so

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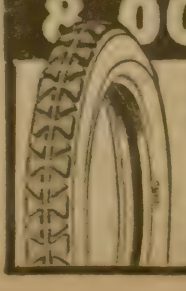

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brazenly in the face. The trail that led from the corral to this gruesome cache was beaten into the snow by lion tracks, lion tracks that measured five inches across. Convinced now that such an animal did exist, he spread the first report and called all his neighbors to witness the havoc that had been made.

"Ole Zeke," guessed the first witness, a rancher in from the south on a belated hunt for range stock.

"Ole Zeke" was the verdict of the neighbors as one after another they measured the tell-tale tracks and counted the mangled sheep.

From that time on it was a rare season on the North Fork that did not produce new evidence, fact and fancy, of the prowess of Zeke. All stock, which before the advent of that dread killer had been checked as strayed or stolen, was now mourned as forever lost in the hungry maw of Ole Zeke. A new-born, unbranded calf disappearing from its mothers' side was no longer cause for neighborhood suspicions and charges of rustling. Tho such a charge might in some instances not prove groundless, both the rustled and the rustler were content to lay the blame at the door of Ole Zeke. A locoed horse, torn and lamed by neglected barbed wire, meant another malediction for the tawny hunter. Many a fat, out of season buck entered the game warden's book to the credit of Zeke, and some sharp-eyed rancher's meat house to the credit of his markmanship and the delight of his ham-wearied stomach.

Not by any means was the old fellow unjustly blamed for much damage and loss to the ranchers of the neighborhood. Scarcely a ranch or a single strip of open range lying within the watershed of the Big Thompson was without some evidence of the insatiable hate or hunger of that husky butcher. And unlike lightning, his fellow killer, he often struck many times in the same place.

After the loss of Rags, Goodman tried for a time to care for the sheep alone but daytime in the pastures and at night from the corral right under his nose they disappeared steadily and he was soon forced to buy another dog. The new one was a well bred, carefully trained shepherd that cost him real money; so, more to protect the dog than the sheep, he moved his cot down to the bunk house near the corral. There with the new ally curled up on the porch before the door and his rifle handy, he felt a pleasant security and fell into a sound sleep, his first for many nights.

The dog must have felt the same restful security and slept, too, for suddenly out of a sweet dream the rancher was awakened by a house shaking thump and a startled yelp. Hurrying to the window he saw a powerful, highheaded lion loping easily across the moonlit snow with the valuable "store-bought" sheep-dog dangling like so much dish-rag from his jaws.

"Well, I'll be——" There were many things he would be and many things he would have that double-dashed, sheep-killin', dog-stealin' cuss be. He ran nimbly thru his well-stocked vocabulary of swear words, made some startling new combinations and then started once more at the beginning. While he swore he hurried to the house and dressed in his Sunday clothes and by the first cold reflected light of sunrise trudged out afoot and alone on his way to the Forks to catch the stage to the city.

In a few days he returned, accompanied by the biggest, ugliest, man-eatin'est bulldog that any of his neighbors had ever seen.

"Took nearly all the sheep I had left to get him, but he's worth it. The fightin'est dog in the West, that fellow. Now bring on your lion—I'll teach him to steal sheep and dogs from me."

Five days he kept the dog chained to the porch for the peace of mind of his neighbors and their dogs; five nights he unleashed him and wondered, as he looked into his vicious, battle-marked face, whether in an open contest this fellow or Zeke could slaughter the greater number of sheep. But no sheep were slaughtered and nothing was heard of the lion till toward morning of the fifth night. Aroused, then, from his sleep by a well-remembered thump on the front porch the rancher rushed to the window to enjoy the fight and to call the bulldog off and rescue the hide after the last struggle breath had been choked out of the thieving lion. He looked once, rubbed his eyes, and looked again. Out across the moonlit snow, loped Ole Zeke and dangling like another dishrag from his jaws was the fightin'est dog in the West!

"Fight, h—l!" ejaculated the stricken rancher, "He didn't even yelp!"

Out of the speechless torment of that night he evolved and ultra fatalistic philosophy best expressed in his own slogan:

"What is to be, will be; and what ain't to be, might happen." He traded what remained of his flock for a tiny blue cat and a .45-90 rifle—the cat for company, and the young cannon just in case—O man—just in case!

IV.

WHEN the tiger tires of the flesh of beasts he comes out of the jungle and carries away a human being. Apparently nothing more personal than a desire for a change of diet actuates his invasion. That desire once satisfied, he retreats once again to his hideout and is seen no more except by those who search for him until his balanced ration again calls for human meat. The world over, the tiger is known as a man-eater.

His blood-cousin, the mountain lion, haunts the dwelling place of man, dogs his foot-steps, kills his stock, forages for food in his very door-yard, yet man looks on him with scorn and says:

"He is afraid of man. He will not attack a human being."

While religious prejudices and inferior arms made the life of the tiger comparatively safe, the mountain lion was being forever hounded back by the native archers and the outriders of white civilization. Endowed with the same instincts, the same love of a varied diet and sufficient strength of body to satisfy them, the mountain lion has, however, learned caution, and protected by that dearly acquired caution together with the inborn stealth of the cat, he is still found ranging the hills from Canada to Patagonia, while the once numerous lobo and the lumbering grizzly, fighting a good fight in the open, have gone down before the onslaught of the hunter.

In Ole Zeke seemed to be concentrated all the caution, all the stealth of his kind as well as all the hate engendered by ages of persecution. When he was still a very young kitten, prisoner in a hateful cage, it had always made his captor wince to see the look of malice in the steady yellow eyes turned ever upon him. Goodman's uneasiness would have turned to panic could he have seen that same kitten, now overgrown to a powerful killer, shadowing his footsteps day after day, following his moves with those sane malefic eyes.

Time after time, hidden in a tree or crouched among the rocks, Zeke watched the rancher pass along the lonesome trails. His muscles tautened, his nerves crying for action; he longed to launch himself upon the man and put an end to him. Would his skull crunch like that of a struggling sheep, or would he run like the deer in the vain hope of shaking him off, or would he bawl and drivel like a panic-stricken calf?

No matter. He had settled his score with the dog. Some day he would settle with the master. For the blood drained thru his skin with whip and rifle-ball, Goodman would pay with blood from his pulsing throat. He would drag the rancher's body to some unfrequented canyon and cache it beneath a rock. From time to time he would add to it the bodies of other men. His would be a grewsome but convincing monument to the foolishness of man. Afraid to attack a man, indeed! Bah! How he hated them all!

The rancher, often sensing the danger that he could not see, muttered to himself:

"The old fellow's somewhere about. Some day he's going to get me. I feel it in my bones. No use to run, tho. Might as well die for a sheep as a lamb."

While he muttered Parcaean philosophy his feet of their own volition speeded up, and he always passed in safety.

One dark night during the winter following Zeke's return to the North Fork, he came upon Goodman cutting across country to the village. Around and around the rancher he went in circles, ever growing narrower. Here, alone, in the stillness of a winter night, would be a good time to end the matter. Closer he came, silent as the flakes that fell about them. Goodman felt his presence, then saw the track that crossed and recrossed in front of him. In spite of an effort to keep his fear in check he speeded up and glanced now over one shoulder, now over the other. In spite of the cold, sweat broke out over his body. Faster and faster he traveled as his panic increased until the snow plumed from his snowshoes like foam in the wake of a speeding boat. Time after time he tripped and plunged into the snow, fearful each time that the cat would pounce upon him before he could rise again.

He never knew just where he ceased to cross the track of the prowler. Trembling from fear and exhaustion, he stumbled to the drug store, too spent to return with the medicine for which he had come.

"That cussed lion's making a coward out of me," he commented when he had at last regained his breath. "He's playing with me now like a cat plays with a mouse, but some day he'll get me. I ain't ashamed to admit he's got me scared."

It was true. The constant shadowing of his footsteps, the repeated feeling that somewhere hidden in the rocks about him a sullen enemy crouched to spring upon him unnerved the hunter. Even in broad daylight he rarely went unarmed. The nights he spent before the fire with the little blue cat for company.

Few had ever seen Ole Zeke. Any one could tell you what he looked like, how large he was, and how he differed from other lions, but investigation would show these specifications to be mere imagination stimulated by feats performed by the old super-cat. Except for the occasions when he had watched Zeke carry away two valuable dogs, Goodman had not seen him. But tho he was willing, even anxious to let those glimpses be sufficient until he could gloat at ease over the prowler's yellow hide stretched out on somebody's barn door, he was destined to see him face to face in broad daylight.

All the land for many miles in every direction from the Goodman ranch had recently been designated as a State game preserve. Only predatory animals were available for hunting, and those only with special permission. With his permit in his pocket and the .45-90 under his arm, Goodman walked slowly back and forth on the long slope of the Crozier, hunting predatory animals, but looking intently across the gulch at a small bunch of grazing deer, waiting and hoping, no doubt, to see one of them turn predatory. Back and forth he tramped like a sentry, keeping the deer in sight. Once he raised the rifle and took aim, just to convince himself that his nerve was steady, that he could hit one if he cared to shoot.

True as a die he held it; nerves as steady as steel. For months there had been nothing to disturb them. With the beginning of summer, as was his custom, Ole Zeke had worked back into the mountains, knowing that at timberline he would find the bighorn and his family back from their winter homes. Except for the deer on the opposite slope there was no moving thing in sight. Goodman knew it. He had scanned the country thoroly for any moving thing that might prove to be a game warden. That particular jack pine lying directly in his line of march he knew had concealed nothing a moment before. But there now, unless he be the evil spirit that some suspected, crouched Ole Zeke in the flesh.

How had he glided there to within fifteen feet of him? What would have happened had he not turned back track just as he did?

Zeke looked like a much-soiled, greatly magnified old alley cat. His head was scratched, his ears shredded, the left one more than half gone. Gaunt and wicked he appeared as the crouched, gazing innocently across at the feeding deer. When he turned hungry eyes upon Goodman, the hunter's steady nerves collapsed and utter rout resulted.

Goodman says he shot at the lion and then ran. Perhaps he did. At any rate he ran, like a frightened child, feeling at every jump the hot breath of the pursuing lion on his cringing back, until like a locoed steer he burst from the underbrush and nearly frightened a skittish broncho clear out from under the saddle in which Slim Ryan was riding.

"What in tarnation d'you mean, Goodman, tearin' up to a nervy horse thata-way? Have you seen a ghost?"

"Zeke!" panted Goodman, after one or two futile efforts to speak. "Zeke! Face to face. Ten feet away."

"Well, I reckon you shot him if he was that close."

"Er—uh—oh, yes, point blank."

"Well, what's the mad rush, then? Going after some one to help bring him in? Come on, I'll go with you."

They found the tracks, but no Zeke, and no evidence that he had been hit by a .45-90 caliber bullet.

"Guess you shot more blank than point," observed Slim as he stopped to measure the tracks. "It sure was Ole Zeke all right."

Noticing a line of deep depressions leading down the hill the lanky rider stepped off the distance between two of them.

"Whew!" he whistled. "Fifteen feet at the take-off. What must you have been stepping when you hit your gait? "Well, I'll be on my way. Ain't seen anything of that blazedface roan of mine, have you? Got to find him before sundown. By the way," he shouted back over his shoulder, "how big did you say he was? I want to tell the boys. Eleven feet! Lord! You must of been scared."

GOODMAN returned home and replacing the rifle on the wall talked in a tired voice to his Maltese companion:

"No more hunting for me, Little Blue Cat. From now on I stay by the fireside and help you catch mice. They're nearer my caliber. Face to face! Ten feet! Point blank and I missed him!" The cat arched her back and rubbed against his legs. "Plumb scared I was, Little Cat, plumb scared. That old devil's got my goat, as the fellow says."

For many minutes Goodman sat ruminating over his pipe, then spoke again to the cat:

"You know, ever since I see them yellow eyes and the cropped left ear of that old cat I been wondering if there ever would 'a' been a Ole Zeke if I hadn't been so chicken-hearted about killing that ornery Scratchcat."

All evening the blue cat was restless. Every few minutes she left her comfortable corner by the fire and stood on the window sill staring out into the darkness. Half a dozen times she cried

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to go out, only to stand in the doorway peering intently in all directions.

Goodman knew the symptoms. Somewhere out there in the dark was a prowler. He stood ready to use the rifle whenever the cat should tell him it was time.

"If them pesky dogs had of had half the sense you got, Little Cat, they wouldn't of let Ole Zeke tote 'em away by the small of the back without a fight."

It seemed to the rancher that he had hardly closed his eyes before things began to happen. From her place on the foot of his bed the cat rose like a jack-in-box, spitting and grumbling. Straight to the window she flew; from there to the table and then to the shelf and to the highest rafter she scrambled. There she sat glaring and scolding.

Goodman made no noise as he slipped out of bed and seized the rifle, but other cat eyes must have been close enough to the move, for when he looked a dusky form was gliding out into the night. There was no mistaking that form. Even had his eyes doubted he would have sensed the presence of Ole Zeke.

Taking no chance on going to the door, he raised the rifle and fired thru window pane and screen. Above the crash of falling glass and the ringing of his ears he heard the startled yowl of the lion.

"We got him, Cat, we got him!" Lifting the cat from her perch he held her in his arms and turned dervish without thought for naked toes and shins.

By the first light of day he was out to view the remains. The body, to his surprise, was not to be found, but unmistakable signs told of a hit. He followed the track of fresh blood far into the field and failing still to find the lion returned and sent the word to all the near neighbors.

By sun up they were at his house, armed and ready for the hunt; Uncle Billy Richardson, too deaf to hear thunder, but with the eye and nerve of a hawk; Julian Turner, 16, husky and dependable; ex-Sergeant Holman, with his purloined army Winchester, and Slim Ryan, his three dogs on the leash.

Ryan walked glumly by Goodman's side for many minutes. Finally he spoke:

"How big did you say that lion was you saw last evening?"

Goodman was wary; he had been deviled a lot about Ole Zeke in the last few years.

"Oh, I'd calc'late about ten, ten and a half or maybe eleven foot."

"Now, look-a-here, Goodman, you know that blazeface roan I was looking for yesterday? Well, I found him. Over on the flat I come on a track that looks like something drug along the ground. I followed it for nearly a hundred feet on the flat and fifty feet down the slope and there I found my roan, or what was left of him, cached under a tree. Now do you mean to tell me you think a ten-foot lion could drag a fresh-killed, thirteen-hundred-pound carcass that far? Not on your life! I'll bet if we ever find that cuss, and we will if I have to trail him till the crack of doom, you'll see you underguessed him by two feet."

Following Zeke's trail would not have been difficult for the men alone; the dogs, a cross between bloodhound and Airedale, never slacked the leash in their eagerness. Straight for the south slope of Storm Mountain they headed, and there, in a rocky depression about a hundred yards across, they came upon the lion.

Zeke had seen them coming and had chosen this shallow basin for his battleground. A conglomeration of huge bowlders covered the surface. Among these he could conceal himself until the hunters got too near and then with but the briefest exposure could slip from one bowlder to another and take up another stand. Men and dogs on the offensive, would jump and scramble about until exhausted and then——. Was this the day he had so long waited for? Would hungry tooth and claw today feel the rending flesh, the crunching bones of hated Man? Why not?

"Ka-a-ow!" exploded the challenge that halted the hunters at the edge of the flat.

Like a trained squad, the five men deployed until they circled the rocky basin, then Ryan unleashed the dogs. Without hesitation, now Airedales, no longer hounds, they rushed the lion's hiding place. Undaunted by the rough going, they scrambled over and around the bowlders, silent, saving their wind for the battle that seemed so near.

As they reached the center of the field a tawny streak showed for a second to men and dogs. Every gun was raised, but before a shot could be fired, Zeke was concealed again and the dogs were tumbling after him in a new direction.

"Hi! Yip! Run, you yellow coward!" cried young Turner, wild with excitement.

"There's dogs, you ornery cuss," muttered Goodman under his breath, "let's see you tote one of them away by the scruff of the neck."

"Don't shoot!" screamed Ryan. "Don't shoot till you are sure the dogs are clear."

"Ka-a-ow!" coughed the lion as the dogs closed on him again.

Time after time he changed his position with the three dogs hurtling over the rocks at his heels. Once they all but had him. The shouts of the men and the rush of the tireless dogs were disconcerting him. Back and forth he glided like a shadow. Nearer and nearer came the men. He challenged no more. His strategic shifts were rapidly becoming rout. The plucky dogs yapped in joyous anticipation.

Suddenly they were still. They hesitated. The tricky lion was gone. In the net work of fresh tracks the scent was valueless; no one had seen him go. For a moment all sound ceased and then suddenly broke again as, with a harrowing cough, Zeke slipped from cover on the opposite side of the flat and flashed into a small box canyon directly behind Goodman.

The rancher, no longer timid in the presence of men and dogs, flushed with the chase and aching for revenge, plunged into the canyon after him.

Like an impenetrable curtain the silence of the coulee closed in behind him, shutting out the voices of men and dogs.

The fleeing beast was gone and with him the hunter's zeal. The dead stillness suffocated him. He stopped and suddenly like a tangible cold his old unreasoning fear of Zeke seized him. In a panic he turned to run, but made no further move. There on a ledge above his head, guarding the mouth of the canyon, crouched the lion. The fear that had cooled his zeal now seemed to freeze his muscles and dry up his mouth until his tongue stuck to it. He could only stand and stare; not at the big wicked eyes that watched him, not at the lashing tail nor dripping mouth, open and panting from the recent flight, but at the trickle of red blood breaking thru the dark clotted wound on the lion's shoulder. His wound, the one he had made last night with the rifle that now hung like a leaden rail in his nerveless hands.

The big lion moved. Belly to the rock he crept along the ledge a foot nearer to the hunter. His yellow eyes gloated. Here was Man. The man above all men that he hated. Here and now he would settle the score already too long standing. What was Man that a lion should fear to settle scores with him? Surely it would be no harder than with his dog. Even foolish old Rags had died fighting with his mouth full of fur. His master turned pale and stood staring like a charmed rabbit. Man! How he hated him! He would tear him to shreds!

Slowly Zeke crouched and tensed his great muscles for the spring.

Goodman saw fresh blood spurt from the wound.

The muscles relaxed and the yellow body slid another foot along the ledge.

The blood ceased to flow from the wound. Again the lion crouched, muscles fretting to spring, long tail lashing him to action.

Why did the fellow stand and stare so? Why did he make no move to fight? No matter. He was Man. He must die.

Once again he crouched and gauged his distance. Once more he hesitated. Here with his arch enemy standing paralyzed before him, and with but seconds for action he faltered; he hesitated, for his enemy was Man.

WITH thumping feet, mouthing their excitement at the rediscovered scent, the dogs tore into the coulee and straight into the teeth and claws of Ole Keke. Like a catapult he was upon them. These were not men.

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of the dogs out into the brush with a cruel swipe of his paw. Back they came, bleeding, but never beaten until two of them were done for. Rex alone was left. He was Ryan's favorite hunter with all that was best of the hound and Airedale to make him so. Torn in a dozen places, winded and alone he charged the powerful lion as tho the fight had only just commenced. On his back Ole Zeke received him and holding him with teeth and forepaws tore the life out of him with slashing hind feet.

Ryan and his companions rushed into the canyon, saw the blood smeared lion disappear around a rock and stood aghast at what he left behind him.

Goodman, bloodstained and ghastly, slumped motionless on the ground staring at the sanguine remains of the three dogs. It was difficult to arouse him enough to learn the details of what he had seen since they watched him disappear into the draw.

"Why didn't you shoot him? Wasn't your gun loaded?" demanded Ryan, thinking more of his dogs than of Goodman.

"I couldn't shoot," admitted the latter. "At first I was too scared and then the dogs come and I was afraid I might kill one of them and when I see they was being killed anyway I was too busy dodging guts and pieces of dog to do anything."

Ex-sergeant Holman leaned upon the muzzle of his purloined rifle and spewed forth quantities of touching army talk. Ryan mourned over his dogs, petting and talking to them as he had done when they were alive so short a time before. Young Turner, just a kid after all, turned away from the grownups and hurriedly brushed his eyes. Uncle Billy, too deaf to hear Goodman's recital, but seeing much with his keen old eyes, stopped his pacing to remark:

"It beats all how that lion will fight twice his weight of dog flesh and yet is afraid to attack a man."

"I'm telling you right now," howled Goodman into Uncle Billy's ear, glad of a chance to howl out some of his misery, "here's one man that he ain't ever goin' to get another chance to attack. I'm thru. I'll rent my whole outfit, lock, stock and barrel and get out of this country and stay out till that devil is dead."

Ole Zeke, hearing the shouting and concluding that the hunt was renewed, gave his wounds a final lick, rose stiffly and limped over the shoulder of Storm mountain. He headed away from Man's land toward the high snow-blanketed hills where he feared nothing and could kill according to his strength. His farewell "Ka-a-ow" bespeaking a defiance he no longer felt, was caught by the echoes of the little canyon and transmitted to the ears of the hunters a scornful, derisive laugh.

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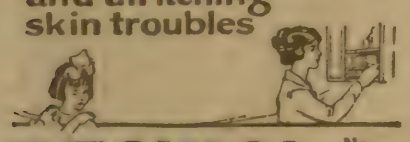

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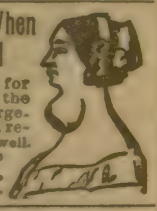

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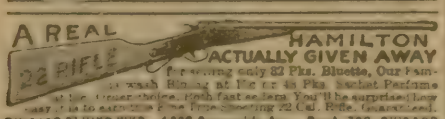

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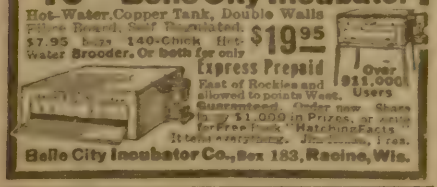

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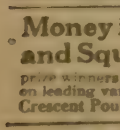

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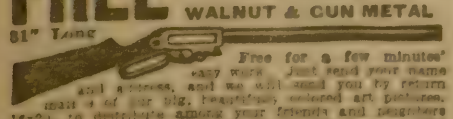

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The Inner Circle

(Continued From Page 6)

gleam on its sails and the game would be lost.

In vain thru the night Bill Wilkins had strained his eyes for the signal lights by which the steamer Haakon was to signify her presence and readiness to ship the gold. Either she had passed unseen or her captain's heart had failed him. In any case dependence was no longer to be placed on her.

What other hope remained? None that Bill Wilkins could see. The eastward course, while it probably deluded the pursuers and gave the sloop a little longer lease on freedom, led to no safety. Every mile took the fugitives nearer to a Russian prison. Yet any course but an eastern one was but to throw themselves into the arms of the pursuers or to plunge inevitably to the bottom the moment the stronger waves of the Baltic were encountered. To Bill it seemed that they were rats in a trap, waiting till the captors came to take them out. If he had been alone, he would long ago have surrendered, hoping to win pardon by giving up the gold.

But he soon found that it was useless to talk of terms to his brother. A mere hint in that direction aroused in the plainsman a cold fury before which the weaker man shrank.

"I didn't mean nothing, Tom," he hastened to declare.

The Westerner's eyes flashed. "I hope you didn't," he roared. "I hope there ain't no cowards or quitters in our family. I've staked on this here play, and I'm going to see it thru. If I can't get away with this gold, nobody shall. Understand that, Bill Wilkins."

"I understand, Tom."

"Besides, I ain't certain sure we're done for yet. We've missed the Haakon, but she ain't the only boat on the sea. If we can find a ship—any old ship—before dawn, we've got a chance."

"How so?"

"How so? Great Lord! Ain't you got no receptions at all, Bill Wilkins? Ain't we got money enough to buy anything if we can once get a chance to show it? You think any captain breathin' would refuse a million dollars in gold to take us aboard. And once aboard, who'd catch us? Russia can't search every ship going out of the Baltic."

A spark of hope sprang up in Bill's bosom—but only a spark. "I don't know where all the ships are," he muttered. "There'd ought to be plenty all about. This here gulf is usually just crawling with ships. But there ain't none passing tonight—and the dawn's breaking."

Captain Wilson stood on the bridge of the yacht, peering into the darkness. All night he had kept watch, unwilling to leave his post as long as Russian waters lapped around him and the vessel committed to his care. When, with eight bells in the morning watch, there came a lightening of the sky, he turned to the first officer.

The dawn's breaking, Jackson," he said, "and I think I'll turn in. We've got thru the night safe and that's more'n I expected."

"What did you think was due to happen, sir?"

"Oh, I don't know. I felt something brooding. My mother was Scotch and had second sight, and I can generally tell when something's due to come off. But I guess I missed it this time. There comes the sun, and nothing's doing."

"Sail O!" The forward lookout had hailed.

"Where away?"

"Dead ahead, sir."

Captain Wilson lifted his glasses and stared forward across the brightening water. After a moment, he turned to his companion.

"Can you make her out?" he asked, in a curious tone.

"Only a fishing boat, I should judge, sir."

"Yes, but behind her and abeam. Don't you see——"

"By the Lord! One, two, three, four steamers, all heading for her. What's it mean?"

"It means—the something that was due to happen. Send for Mr. Caruth at once. Unless I miss my guess that boat carries Wilkins and his gold!"

As the sun came, Wilkins notched the sloop's bowsprit into it. "There's the sun," he remarked grimly.

Tom stood up, releasing the handle of the pump, and peered forward under his hand.

"And there comes a steamer," he exulted.

Bill had been staring around the horizon. "Yes,—her!" he cried "There she comes—too late. Look yonder."

Tom looked, and counted just as the yacht's officer had done. "One! Two! Three! Four! I'm a liar if they ain't right after us! All right"—grimly. "We'll give 'em a run for their money."

But Bill groaned, "Wot's the use," he whined. "It'll only make things worse. We ain't got a chance." He rose, his nerveless hand dropped away from the tiller, and the sloop yawed sharply to port.

"You cur!" Tom's voice rang out. "You—cur! Grab that thing again quick, or by the gods, you won't live to go to no jail!" His revolver emphasized the words.

Between the two terrors, Bill deferred to the nearer. Once more his hand closed on the tiller, and the sloop, recovering headway swept onward.

"Straight for the steamer," Tom ordered.

Bill laughed harshly. "A h—l of a lot of help she'll be to us!" he cried. "You darned fool, don't you see it's the Sea Spume?"

"What?" Tom spun around. "So much the better!" he cried. "She'll save us even if we lose the gold. That's the kind of soft-headed fool that man Caruth is."

The yacht was very near now—so near Tom Wilkins could distinctly hear the sound of her engine-room bells signaling "stop." The Russian boats were also near. Wilkins looked at them, then at the yacht, then thrust his pistols back into his belt.

"They won't shoot," he declared. "We're too valuable to shoot at. And I guess you're right. We can't whip a whole fleet, but we'll spoil their game, all the same." He paused and glanced at the yacht. "Run across her bows," he ordered, "and float down alongside."

Little margin was there, but the sloop took what there was and swept across just ahead of the yacht's sharp prow.

As she scraped aft, screened for a moment from the sight of the Russians, Wilkins caught his brother's arms, and hoisted the slighter man upward toward the yacht's shrouds. "Grab hold! Quick!" he directed.

As Bill scrambled upward, the plainsman sprang upon the further gunwale of the sloop and leaned far outward. Borne down by his weight, the overloaded boat careened; a green wave curled in over her side; and quietly and soberly she went down beneath his feet.

As he felt her go down, he turned to the yacht, and raised his hat. "Heave us a rope, Mr. Caruth," he called. "I can't swim!"

Caruth did not hesitate. He had read the plainsman's purpose and had given orders accordingly. In less than a minute Tom Wilkins dripping, but unhurt, stood on the deck beside his brother Bill, while aft, in the water churned into foam by the starting screws of the yacht, a while sail, fluttered for a moment; then was gone.

Caruth looked at the spot where the sloop had disappeared; then at the plainsman; then at the hurrying Russians. "That was a child's trick, Wilkins," he said severely. "The water isn't fifty feet deep here, and Demidroff can fish the gold up easy. Meanwhile, you've put us all in a hole."

"Not much I ain't. Look!"

Caruth looked again. The yacht was drawing rapidly away, and the Russians were making no effort to follow her. Clustered around the spot where the sloop sank, they seemed to be throwing out buoys to mark the spot.

And the yacht swept westward.

SIX months later, five of the chief participants in the contest of the Orkney's gold were gathered at a home dinner given by the Caruths to mark their return to New York after a summer in the country, and their departure from the apartment in the Chimneystack Building for the splendid new house Caruth had bought for his bride.

Inevitably, as always where these five met, the talk turned on the trip of the Sea Spume and those connected with the quest for the Orkney's gold.

Caruth opened the subject. Said he:

"I got a letter from Colorado from the Wilkinses today. They've struck a gold-mine that Tom Wilkins says is going to make them all rich if they can get the money to develop it. He offers to sell me a share on easy terms. He certainly has more assurance than anybody I ever knew."

"Oh, I don't know." It was Bristow

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"If you've lost three husbands," he wrote, "I should say you are much too careless to be trusted with a fourth."

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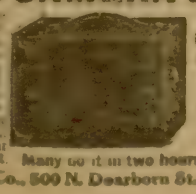

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who spoke. "He was within his rights, you know, in that matter of the Orkney. Irrespective of his part in sinking the Orkney, Bill Wilkins saved that gold from the abandoned wreck, and thereby got a perfect title to about nine-tenths of it by the laws of pretty nearly every country in the world. Russia had no right to take it from him, and he would have had a good claim against her at the end if Tom Wilkins hadn't wrecked and abandoned it again. That gave the second salvors their claim and wiped out his."

Caruth growled. "He'd have had a hard time making good," he observed. "Demidroff didn't fish that gold up from the bottom of the gulf to surrender part of it to the Wilkinses."

"Oh, no! I'm only discussing the legal rights of the matter, and Tom Wilkins' part in it. If Bill Wilkins owned the gold—as he did—he had a right to take any partners in he liked. Oh, yes, the Wilkinses were within their legal rights all the time, tho that isn't exactly a recommendation for going in with them on a gold mine. There are too many legal robberies connected with that class of property to suit me."

"I'm afraid there is too much law in this country," chimed in Marie. "Just as there is too little in Russia. But what have you heard of the progress of the suit of the Princess Napraxine against Count Strogoff, Mr. Bristow?"

Bristow glanced quickly at his wife. "The Princess really seems about to win," he declared, "tho the case is still in the courts. Our man there writes me that he understands the Czar is convinced that the claim is valid, and has received the Princess officially at his court. That means that everything's over except the shouting. I don't know; sometimes I wonder if I did right in letting Olga give up everything!"

But Olga smiled. "Not for me," she declared, as she had declared in Baron Demidroff's office six months before. "Not for me. I told Baron Demidroff the truth. My tastes are simple, and I am quite content without the millions and the rank."

"And in any event you are right." It was Marie who spoke. "I have tested that mode of life, and I know. There is nothing in its glitter and pomp to balance home—home such as I never had and never could have in Russia's splendid barbarism."

"Yes, you are quite right!" The professor smiled benignantly on his two daughters. "You are quite right, both of you! Money and rank! What are they? Nothing! Nothing to freedom and the chance for a man to be a man! Besides," he added shrewdly, "I suspect those estates will not be so very large after all. If Strogoff has not plundered them, he is not the man he is reputed to be."

The bell at the door of the apartment rang, and a moment later a servant brought an evening paper to Caruth.

"The janitor brought this up, sir," he explained. "He says as how there's something in it he thinks you'll like to see, sir."

Caruth took the paper and glanced down its columns. Then he uttered an exclamation.

"Good Lord!" he cried. "Listen to this dispatch from St. Petersburg:

"A tragic sequel to the suit of the Princess Yves Napraxine against Count Strogoff for the possession of her ancestral estates took place here today. Both the Princess and her husband, Baron Demidroff, for fifteen years chief of the dreaded third section of the Russian police, were instantly killed this morning by a bomb thrown by a man who was mortally wounded by the guard as he tried to flee. Before he died, he confessed that he had acted at the instigation of Count Strogoff, who was an enemy of the Baron. Officers were at once sent to arrest the Count, but he had learned somehow that his complicity was known and blew out his brains as they came in at the door. The estates of the Princess, whose romantic story has become well known to the world in the past year, will now revert to the Crown. It is rumored that they have been shamelessly plundered, and instead of being of colossal value are really almost worthless."

Caruth dropped the paper. "There's more of it," he said, "fresh nihilistic alarms, new scandals directed at the Czar's household, and signs that Russia is on the verge of a colossal upheaval, but those affairs do not interest us, I imagine—not at present. But the sad fate of the Baron and the unfortunate bogus Princess is quite another affair."

Olga clasped her hands. "Oh, Joe, Joe!" she cried. "It might have been you and me! It might have been you and me!"

THE END.

Wolves of the Sea

(Continued From Page 9)

side. "It will make that life more valuable than ever before."

She turned her head, and I felt her eyes searching the dim outline of my face questioningly.

"Of course I did everything I knew," she replied. "Why should I not? You are here, Captain Carlyle, for my sake; I owe you service."

"And must I be content merely with that thought?" I urged, far from pleased. "This would mean that your only interest in me arises from gratitude."

"And friendship," her voice as confidential as my own. "There is no reason why you should doubt that surely."

"It would be easier for me to understand, but for the memory of [illegible] —a bond slave."

[illegible] I am

[illegible] you mean the fact that you were sold to my uncle remains a barrier between us?"

"To my mind, yes. I hope you forget, but I cannot. If I return to Virginia, it is to servitude for a term of years. I am exiled from my own country by law, and thus prevented from following a career on the sea. I belong to Roger Fairfax, or, if he be dead, to his heirs, and even this privilege of being the property of a gentleman is mine thru your intercession. I know your sympathy, your eagerness to help—but that is not all of friendship."

"Your meaning is that true friendship has as a basis equality?"

"Does it not? Can real friendship exist otherwise?"

"No," she acknowledged gravely. "And the fact that such friendship does exist between us evidences my faith in you. I have never felt this social distinction, Captain Carlyle, have given it no thought. This may seem strange to you, yet is most natural. You bear an honorable name, and belong to a family of gentlemen. You held a position of command, won by your own efforts. You bore the part of a man in a revolution; if guilty of any crime, it was a political one, in no way sullying your honor. I have every reason to believe you were falsely accused and convicted. Consequently that conviction does not exist between us; you are not my uncle's servant, but my friend,—you understand me now?"

"I have trained myself so long to another viewpoint, Mistress Dorothy," I admitted, still speaking doubtfully altho impressed by her earnestness, "I know not how to accept this statement. I have not once ventured to address you, except as a servant."

"I know that, and have regretted it," she interrupted. "But not until now have I been able to correct your impression."

"And you would actually have me speak with you as of your own class a free man, worthy to claim your friendship in life?"

"Yes," frankly, her face uplifted. "Why should it be otherwise? It has been our fortune to meet under strange conditions, Captain Carlyle—conditions testing us, and revealing the very depths of our natures. Concealment and disguise is no longer necessary between us. You have served me unselfishly, plunging headlong into danger for my sake. I shudder at the thought of where I would be now, but for your effort

No man could [illegible] to save me.

[illegible] have done more, or proved himself more staunch and true. We are in danger yet, adrift here in the heart of this desolate sea, but such peril is nothing compared with what I have escaped. I am glad, sincerely glad; I have prayed God in thankfulness, I feel that your skill and courage will bring us safely to land. I am no longer afraid, for I have learned to trust you."

"In all ways?"

"Yes; as gentleman as truly as sailor. You possess my entire confidence."

CORDIAL and earnest as these words were, they failed to yield me sufficient courage to voice the eager impulse of my heart. There was a restraint, some memory of the past, perhaps, which

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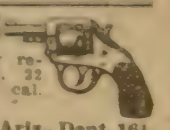

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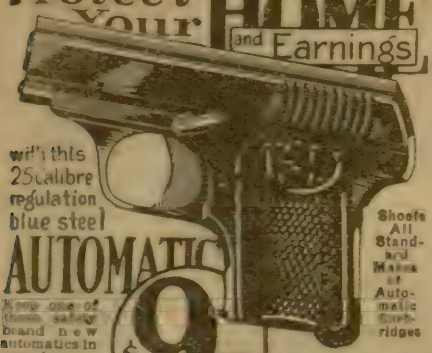

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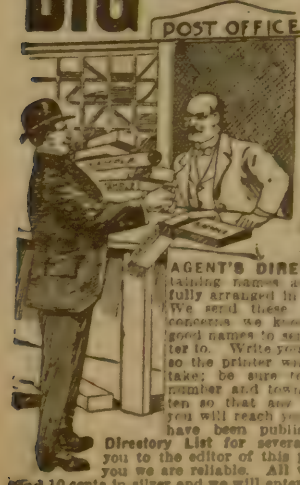

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fettered the tongue. Yet I struggled to give my desire utterance.

"But do you understand fully?" I questioned anxiously. "All I have done for you would have been done for any other woman under the same conditions of danger. I claim no reward for that—a plain duty."

"I am sure that is true."

"It is true, and yet different. Such service to another would have been a duty, and no more. But to be with you, aiding and protecting, has been a delight, a joy. I have served Dorothy Fairfax for her own sake—not as I would any other."

"Did you not suppose I knew?"

Her glance flashed into mine thru the star-gleam, with a sudden message of revealment.

"You knew—that—that it was you personally I served?"

"Of course, I knew. A woman is never unaware of such things, nor is there reason now—here in this boat, with you as my only protector—why I should pretend otherwise. Neither of us know what the end may be; we may sink in these waters, or be cast ashore on a desolate coast to perish miserably, and it is no moment for concealment. Now, if ever, I must tell you the truth. I know you care for me, and have cared since first we met. An interest no less fateful has led me to seek your acquaintance, and give you my aid. Surely it is not unmaidenly for me to confess this when we face the chance of death together?"

"But," I stammered, "I can scarcely believe you realize your words. I—I love you, Dorothy."

"And is it not also possible for me to love?"

"Possible—yes! But why should you? Forgive me, but I cannot drive away memory of the gulf between us. I would not dare speak such words of my own volition, they seem almost insult. You are rich, with position and friends of influence, while I at best am but a merchant skipper, in truth a bond servant, penniless and disgraced. In the eyes of the world I am not fit to touch the hem of your garment."

"Is it the eyes of the world, or my eyes into which you look?"

"Yours! I am selfish enough, I fear, to find my happiness there—but it is not right, not just."

"Can you not permit me to be the judge as to that?" she asked seriously. "I know your story, and have seen you in stress and storm. Am I one, think you, to love any man for wealth or position. If I possess these things they are to share, not to hoard. It is because I have given you my full trust and confidence I can say these words."

"You—you mean, you love me?"

Her eyes fell from my face and her head was turned away, but there was no falter in her voice.

"I love you—are you sorry?"

"Sorry! I am mad with the joy of it; yet stricken dumb. Dorothy! Dorothy Fairfax, I have never even dared dream of such a message from your lips. Dear, dear girl, do you forget who I am? What my future must be?"

"I forget nothing," she said, almost proudly. "It is because I know what you are that my heart responds. Nor is your future so clouded. You are today [illegible] if we escape these perils, for [illegible] is alive, or dead, [illegible] said in a free [illegible] whether Roger Fairfax [illegible] he will never seek you again to [illegible] servitude. If alive he will join his efforts with mine to obtain a pardon because of these services, and we have influence in England. Yet, should such effort fail, you are a sailor, and the seas of the world are free. It is not necessary that your vessel fly the English flag."

"You give me hope—a wonderful hope."

"And courage," her hands firmly clasping mine. "Courage to fight on in faith. I would have that my gift to you, Geoffry. We are in peril still, great peril, but you will face it beside me, knowing that whether we live or die we are together. I am not afraid any more."

She was like a child; I could feel her body relax in my arms as tho relieved of its tension. I know I answered her, whispering into her ear words of love, and confidence, scarcely knowing myself what I said in that moment of unrestraint. I felt her eyes on my face and knew her lips were parted in a smile of content, yet doubt if they answered me. She seemed to yield unconsciously, her head upon my shoulder, her face upturned to the stars, while slowly all the intense fatigue of the day and night stupified mind and body. Almost before I realized her weariness, the eyes were closed and she was sleeping in my arms.

I held her closely, so awakened by what had passed between us, as to feel no desire to sleep myself. Dorothy Fairfax loved me. I could scarcely grasp the thought. I had dreamed of love, but only to repress the imagination as impossible. Yet now, voluntarily from her own lips, it had proven true. With eyes uplifted to the stars I swore fidelity, pledging solemnly all my years to her service; nor could I drive my thought away from the dear girl, sleeping so confidently upon my shoulder.

Then slowly there came back memory of where we were, of what grave peril surrounded us, of my own responsibility. My eyes sought to pierce the gloom of the night, only to gain glimpses of black water heaving and tumbling on every side, the boat flung high on a whitened crest, and then hurled into the hollow beneath, as tho it was a mere chip in the grasp of the sea.

The skill of Watkins alone kept us afloat, ad even his iron muscles must be strained to the limit. Forward the boat was a mere smudge, the men curled up asleep and no longer visible. All that stood out with any distinctness of outline was the lug sail, stiff as a board. I endeavored to turn my head, without disturbing the slumbering girl, to gain view of the steersman.

"How is she making it, Watkins?"

"A little stiff, sir, but she's a staunch boat. The sea's likely to go down after sunup."

"Well, you've had long enough trick—call one of the men aft. I'm not strong enough yet for that job."

"No, sir," and I caught the echo of a chuckle, "and yer have yer arms full. I kin hold on yere till daylight; 'twon't be long now."

"Make one of them help; who is the best man?"

"Schmitt for this sorter job."

I called him, and growling to himself at being awakened, the Dutchman crept past cautiously and wedged himself in beside Watkins. There was a few words of controversy between the two men, but in the end Schmitt held the steering oar, and a few minutes later Watkins had slipped down into the boat's bottom and was sound asleep. And so the gray dawn found us.

CHAPTER XXVI.

A FLOATING COFFIN.

THE laboring boat rested so low in the water it was only as we were thrown upward on the crest of a wave that I could gain any view about thru the pallid light of the dawn. At such brief instants my eyes swept the far horizon, to discern nothing except the desolate, endless expanse of sea. A more dismal, gloomy view surely never unrolled itself before the eye of man. Everywhere the gray monotony of rolling waves, slowly stretching out into greater distance as the light strengthened, yet bringing into view no other object. It was all a desolate, restless waste in the midst of which we tossed, while above hung masses of dark clouds obscuring the sky. We were but a hurtling speck between the gray above and the gray below.

How tiny the boat looked as my glance ranged forward with this memory of our surroundings still fresh in mind. The crest of the surges swept to the edge of the gunwale, sending the spray flying inboard. Occasionally drops stung my cheek and all the thwarts forward were wet with drizzle. The negro, Sam, alone was awake, baling steadily, his face turned aft, altho scarcely glancing up from his labor. He looked tired and worn, a strange green tinge to his black face, as the dim light struck it.

The others were curled up in the bottom of the craft, soaked with spray, [illegible] soundly. The wind had lost [illegible] in gusts that [illegible] yet sleeping [illegible] its steadiness, coming no[illegible] flapped the sail loudly against the mast, but failed to awaken the slumberers. Depressed by the sight, my eyes sought the face of the girl whose head yet rested against my shoulder.

She lay there with tightly closed eyes, the long lashes outlined against her cheek, breathing softly. Between lips slightly parted her white teeth gleamed as she smiled from pleasant dreams. It was a beautiful face into which I looked, the cheeks faintly tinted, the chin firm, the rounded throat white as snow—the face of a pure, true woman, yet retaining its appearance of girlish freshness. Whatever of hardship and sorrow the past days had brought her, had been erased by sleep, and she lay then utterly forgetful of danger and distress. And she loved me— loved in spite of all dividing us—and in her rare courage had told me so.

The memory thrilled my blood, and I felt my arm close more tightly about her, as I gazed eagerly down into the unconscious features. She was actually mine—mine; not even death could rob me of the treasure of her heart, while life offered me every reward. No doubt assailed me; I believed each whispered word from her lips, and the day dawned about us with rare hope. Not now would I yield to despair, or question the future.

Some sudden plunge of the boat caused the girl to open her eyes, and gaze half frightened up into my face. Then she smiled in swift recognition.

"Is it you, Geoffry? We are still alone at sea?"

"Yes, the night is ending; you have slept well."

She drew herself away from me gently, sat up and glanced about.

"How tired you must be. I have been very selfish. There is nothing in sight?"

"Nothing."

"And the men are still asleep. Who are they?"

I named them as best I could, point-

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ing out each available man in his turn.

"Are they reliable—safe?" she asked. "You know them?"

"Not well, but they were selected by Watkins, as among the best on board the Namur. No doubt they will behave themselves."

"But they are pirates; they cannot be trusted."

"These fellows were not aboard the Namur from choice, but seamen captured on merchant ships and compelled to serve to preserve their lives. They are as eager to escape as we. Anyway I shall see to it that they do their duty. Sam!"

The negro looked up quickly.

"Yas, sah!"

"Call the others. Who knows where the food is stored?"

Watkins spoke up behind us.

"It's stored forward, sir, an' all safe; the water casks are lashed amidships."

"I'll see what we've got and serve out."

I crept forward cautiously, because of the erratic leaping of the craft, the men yielding me room to pass, and soon had Sam busily engaged in passing out the various articles for inspection. Only essentials had been chosen, yet the supply seemed ample for the distance I believed we would have to cover before attaining land. But the nature of that unknown coast was so doubtful I determined to deal out the provisions sparingly, saving every crumb possible. The men grumbled at the smallness of the ration, yet munched away contentedly enough, once convinced that we all shared alike. Watkins relieved the Dutchman at the steering oar, and I rejoined Dorothy. The silence was finally broken by one of the men forward asking a question.

"Could you tell us about where we are, sir?"

"Only as a guess," I answered frankly, my eyes traveling over the sea vista, "but will do the best I can. I have had no observation since we left the Capes, but Estada had his chart pricked up to the time he was killed, showing the course of the Namur. We were then about a hundred miles off shore and the same distance south. We have been sailing to the north of west since taking to the boat. That is the best course possible with this wind."

"Then a couple days should bring land, sir?"

"Ay, if figures are correct and this wind holds. But these are stormy waters, and we go by dead reckoning."

"That's near enough," he said stubbornly. "Even if you was astray fifty miles would make little difference. There's land to west of us, and plenty ter eat aboard till we get there—so why not eat it?"

I GLANCED about into the faces of the others forward, but received little encouragement—evidently the fellow was spokesman for his mates. The time had arrived for me to exhibit my authority, but before I could choose words, Watkins gave indignant utterances to a reply.

"Yer hed yer fair share with the rest ov us, didn't yer, Simms?"

"O' course I did; but d—n it, I'm hungrier then I wus afore—whut the h—l's the use?"

"Let me tell you," I broke in, determined on my course. "It is not just the boat trip to be considered, altho that may prove serious enough before we get ashore. If I am any judge we are going to have some weather in the next twenty-four hours, and may have to run before it to keep afloat. That's one point to think over. Another is that coast line west of us doesn't contain a dozen white settlements between the Capes and Florida, and you are just as liable to be hungry on land as sea. You've eaten as much as I have."

"Maybe I have, but—by the gods—there's food enough there to last us a month."

"And it may have to do so. Now Simms, listen to what I say, and you others also. I am not going to repeat this. We're the same as shipwrecked men, and I am in command of this boat. Whatever I say goes, and I've handled worse fellows than you are many a time. Grumble all you please; I don't mind that, but if you try mutiny, or fail to jump at my orders, I'll show you some sea discipline you will not forget very soon. You are with me, Watkins?"

"You bet I am, sir," heartily.

The Dutchman, already half asleep, lifted his head.

"Mine Gott, I cud eat a whale," he growled rather discontentedly, "but what der difference say I do—dat wus best, ach."

Simms made no answer, sitting sullenly at the foot of the mast. I waited, thinking some other might venture a word, but evidently they had enough, and I was willing to let the affair rest. They had been shown that I meant to enforce discipline, and nothing remained but for me to carry out my threat if occasion arose. Meanwhile the least friction aboard, the better.

"All right, lads," I said cheerfully. "Now we understand each other and can get at work. We'll divide into watches first of all—two men aft here, and one at the bow. Watkins and I will take it watch and watch, but there is enough right now for all hands to turn to and make the craft shipshape. Two of you bail out that water till she's dry, and the others get out that extra sail forward and rig up a jib. She'll ride easier and make better progress with more canvas showing. How does she head, Watkins?"

"Nor'west, by west, sir."

"You can give two points more west, with the jib drawing—the sea is not quite so heavy?"

"Ay, ay, sir—she's riding fairly free, an' the wind is shifting nor'east. Thar won't be no storm terday."

The men worked cheerfully enough, finding sufficient to do to keep them busy for half an hour, and thus Dorothy and I watched them, whispering occasionally to each other, and commenting on the varied appearance of the fellows. They were rather an interesting lot in their way, the types familiar to me, but strange to her experience—sea scum, irresponsible, reckless, to be ruled by iron hand, yet honest enough according to their standards. The faces were coarse and dissipated, and many a half-smothered oath floated back to our ears, but I saw in them nothing to fear, or cause uneasiness.

The sun had dissipated the clouds, while the swell of the sea had sufficiently subsided to permit of a wide view in every direction. The vista only served to increase our sense of loneliness and peril. We were a tiny chip tossed on the immensity of the waters, stretching away to the distant horizons. It was a vast scene of desolation, without another object to break its grim monotony—just those endless surges of gray-green water brightened by the touch of the sun. Again and again I swept my eyes about the circle in a vain effort to perceive something of hope; it was useless—we were alone on the boundless ocean.

I know not what we talked about during those hours; of all we had passed thru together, no doubt; of our chances of escape and our dreams of the future. Her bravery and confidence increased my own courage. Knowing as I did the uncertainty of our position, I needed her blind faith to keep me hopeful. The men gradually knocked off work, and lay down, and finally I also yielded to her pleadings and fell into a sound sleep.

It seemed as tho I scarcely lost consciousness, yet I must have slept for an hour or more, my head pillowed on her lap. What aroused me I could not determine, but Schmitt was again at the steering paddle, and both he and Dorothy were staring across me out over the port quarter, as tho at some vision in the distance, sufficiently strange to enchain their entire attention.

"What is it?" I asked eagerly, but before the words were entirely uttered, a hoarse voice forward bawled out excitedly:

"There you see it; straight out agin that cloud edge. By God, it's a full-rigged schooner."

"Ay," boomed another, "a-headin' straight cross our course astern."

I sat up, ignoring all else, thoroly awake from excitement, gazing under hollowed hands in the direction the men pointed. For an instant I distinguished nothing but sea and sky, with patches of white cloud speckling the horizon. My heart sank with the belief that one of these had been mistaken for the sheen of a distant sail. Then as our boat was suddenly flung higher on the crest of a great wave, my straining eyes caught the unmistakable glimmer of canvas, could even detect its outline plainly delineated against the blue background. I reached my feet, clinging to the mast to keep erect and, as the boat was again flung upward, gained clearly the glimpse I sought.

"Ay, you're right, lads!" I exclaimed. "It's a schooner, headed to clear us by a hundred fathoms. Port your helm, Schmitt—hard down, man. Watch out the boom don't hit you, Miss Fairfax. Now, Sam, off with that red shirt; tie it on the boat hook, and let fly. They can't help seeing us if there is any watch on deck."

We swept about in a wide circle, shipping some water as we dipped gunwale under, but came safely out from the smother, headed straight across the bows of the oncoming vessel. All eyes stared out watchfully, Sam's shirt flapping above us, and both Watkins and Schmitt straining their muscles to hold the plunging quarter-boat against the force of the wind. A man forward on his knees growled out a curse.

"What the hell's the matter aboard there?" he yelled. "Did yer ever see a boat yaw like that, afore? D—n me, if I believe they got a hand at the wheel."

The same thought had leaped into my mind. The schooner was headed to pass us on the port quarter, yet yawing so crazily at times as to make me fearful of being run down. I could perceive no sign of life aboard, no signal that we had been seen. Indeed from where we crouched in the boat all we could see

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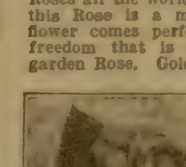

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now was the bow with the jib and foresail. Not a head peered at us over the rail; in silent mystery it seemed to fly straight at us like a great bird, sweeping thru water and sky. The sight angered me.

"Stand by, all hands," I cried desperately. "We'll board whether they want us or not. Slip across, Miss Fairfax, out of the way. Now, Watkins, run us in under those fore-chains; easy man, don't let her strike us. Lay hold quick lads and hang on for your lives. Give me that end of rope—ready now, all of you; I'll make the leap. Now then—hold hard!"

It was five feet, and up, my purchase the tossing boat, but I made it, one hand desperately gripping a shroud, until I gained balance and was flung inboard by a sharp plunge of the vessel. My head was at a level with the rail, yet I saw nothing, my whole effort being to make fast before the grip of the men should be torn loose. This done I glanced back into the upturned faces below.

"Hand in slowly lads; yes, let go, the rope will hold, and the boat ride safely enough. Let a couple of men come up till we see what's wrong with the hooker—the rest of you trail on."

"Am I to remain here, Mr. Carlyle?"

"Yes, for a few moments; there is no danger. You stay also, Watkins; let Schmitt and Sam come with me."

I helped them clamber up and then lifted my body onto the rail, from which position I had a clear view of the forward deck. It was unexpressibly dirty, yet otherwise shipshape enough, ropes coiled and the forward hatch tightly closed. Nothing human greeted me, and conscious of a strange feeling of horror, I slipped over onto the deck. The next moment the negro and Dutchman joined me, the former staring about wildly, the whites of his eyes revealing his terror.

"My Gawd, sah," he ejaculated. "Ah done know dis boat—it's shore de Santa Marie. "Ah's cooked in dat galley. What's done happened ter her, sah?"

"You know the schooner? Are you sure, Sam? What was she—a pirate?"

"No, sah; a slaver, sah," he sniffed the air. "Ah kin smell dem niggers right now, sah. Ah, suah reckon dars a bunch o' ded ones under dem hatches right dis minute—you white men smell dat odor?"

"I certainly smell something unpleasant enough. This is the Santa Marie; the name is on the stern of that boat yonder. When did you serve aboard here?"

"Three years back, sah, frum Habana to der African coast; Ah didn't want no more dat sorter sailorin'."

"But what could have happened? The boats are all in place, but no crew. I never saw anything like it at sea."

Schmitt's hand fell heavily on my sleeve and I glanced aside into his stolid face.

"Der's a feller on ther gratin' amidships, Captain," he said pointing aft.

"But I just bet I know vat wus der trouble."

"What man?"

"Cholera," he whispered, "ve haf boarded a death ship."

Will Captain Carlyle bravely face this new danger, of a nature far more to be dreaded than any other in the history of the world? If all was right aboard the schooner, the trim looking sailor could be welcomed with shouts of joy; but—a floating charnel house! A death ship freighted perhaps with scores of putrifying bodies! That was something to be shunned even by drowning men. However, it is not unlikely that Carlyle and his willing followers will find a way to overcome the desperate situation.—More about it in next week's Ledger.

What the Hands Tell

ONCE it was possible to tell a "lady" by her hands—that is if you regarded a lady as "a female of the favored social class." She had well-kept hands because she did nothing to roughen them or enlarge their knuckles or cause premature wrinkles. Even if fortune had gone against her she somehow avoided the work that would mar the symmetry of those hands, she did without sugar for her tea and did needlework for money in order to avoid the work that she regarded as menial. And because a woman of this class knew that it was at her hands that others looked for an index to her social position it was her hands that she saved, wearing gloves by day and by night to keep them white and to protect them and repair them from the ravages of wind, sun and housework.

The situation is rather different now. The young woman of immigrant parents who sells tinware in the department store basement has elaborately manicured nails and hands that are smooth, but the wife of the college president has hands that clearly show the effects of work that we would once have regarded as menial. A man's telephone operator usually has far more elaborately manicured nails than his wife because the former depends on her mother to do all the hard work at home, while her employer's wife finds work enough between the shortcomings of her children's nurse and the frequent departures of her cooks to keep her hands from lapsing into a state of leisurely softness.

Perhaps still to the keen observer hands have something to tell of their owner's rank or pedigree. There are some hands that no matter how diligently manicured always look a little grimy at the corners, and others, lacking entirely the lustre of the manicure buffer, that are always scrupulously clean.

Of course the fastidious woman, wherever she is, tries to keep her hands in attractive condition. If possible she keeps them free from mars and wrinkles, that come only from hard work. But she does not coddle them against the effect of wind and sun. Another thing—the woman of taste has become accustomed to well-kept hands. Her mother and her mother's mother presumably had hands that were well cared for. She does not constantly pass them in review, polishing the fingers on one hand against the palm of the other, as does the woman in whose family the idea of having specially cared for hands is something of a novelty.

Are You Red-headed?

IF YOU are a girl and have red hair, pay no attention to those who nickname you "Carrots." It will not be a sign of their disrespect, but of their jealousy.

An eminent doctor has just expressed the opinion that the red-haired woman has a distinct advantage over all others in the matrimonial race. Man is attracted by the subtle shades of copper and red in a girl's hair, and this explains why "henna" dye is so popular. The girl who calls you "Carrots" the loudest will be the first to try the effect of "henna" herself.

To complete the conquest, a buttermilk complexion must be added. If you do not possess one naturally, there may be hope for you if you give up flesh food and become a vegetarian, living on fruits, cream, salads, raisins, and honey.

But, remember this—a woman's graces must be natural, or they will not outlive the glamour of courtship. No self-respecting man will like to feel that his love has been captured by dyes and diet. And no self-respecting girl will try thus to capture him.

Willing to Retire.

A PROSY preacher was giving a discourse on the prophets. First he dwelt at length on the minor prophets. At last he finished them, and the congregation gave a sigh of relief. He took a long breath and continued:

"Now I shall proceed to the major prophets."

After the major prophets had been amply treated the congregation gave another sigh of relief.

"Now that I have finished with the minor prophets and the major prophets, what about Jeremiah? Where is Jeremian's place?"

At this point a tall man arose and announced:

"Jeremiah can have my place; I am going home."

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Most everyone has gone through the misery of a sleepless night from dyspepsia. A host of such people found they could eat what they liked without sour risings, belching, gassiness, heaviness, palpitation or restless nervousness due to indigestion if they simply settled and soothed the stomach with a Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablet after eating and before retiring. If you are subject to such misery get a 60 cent box of these tablets today and you will fairly revel in the freedom from your old time enemy.

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By Special Arrangement with the largest and best known firm of rose growers in the world, we are enabled to give you five of the finest Hardy Ever-blooming Roses in cultivation—and to insure your COMPLETE success in growing them we will also send you special printed instructions on their planting and cultivation. There are five different varieties in the assortment and each of them is absolutely the PRIZE of its class, noted for its hardy vigorous habit of growth, liberal blooming qualities, symmetrical form and bright, clean foliage. Each bush is one year old and in a GROWING CONDITION when delivered to you.

No matter in what part of the country you live the growers will send the bushes at the proper time to plant in your locality. You can depend upon us to forward them at just the right time for you to place them in the ground.

You will receive the bushes, packed in damp moss, by prepaid parcel post, and we GUARANTEE that they will reach you in perfect condition. If for any reason they do not, or if any of the bushes fail to grow or otherwise prove unsatisfactory, we will replace them for you FREE OF ALL COST. **Following are brief descriptions of the different varieties of beautiful ever-blooming rose bushes given you free on this great offer. Please read them and remember to send in your order today.**

CREAM OF THE ROSE GARDEN

WHITE—FLORENCE FORRESTER (H. T.)—Clear snow-white. The blooms are even larger than Paul Neyron. Its habit is absolutely perfect, and the freedom with which it flowers is marvelous. We consider this Rose the grandest of all whites for bedding. Is very sweetly perfumed. Gold medal, National Rose Society.

PINK—MISS WILMOT (H. T.)—The most refined and charming Rose ever raised. There is an appealing sweetness about this most distinct variety that will please lovers of Roses all the world over. In shape and form this Rose is a model of perfection, every flower comes perfect and produced with a freedom that is marvelous. A wonderful garden Rose. Gold medal.

YELLOW—SUNBURST—This magnificent giant yellow Rose is a fine forcer; it stands head and shoulders above all others of its color, and ranks with American Beauty and the Killarneys in value and grandeur. Some call the color cadmium-yellow. It is the yellowest of all Roses in the ever-blooming class.

CLIMBING—AMERICAN PILLAR—The flowers are of enormous size 3 to 4 inches across, of a lovely shade of apple-blossom pink, with a clear white eye and cluster of yellow stamens. These flowers are borne in immense bunches. They last in perfection a long time, which are carried late into the winter.

RED—FRANCIS SCOTT KEY (H. T.)—It is very fitting that such a fine new Rose should be honored with the name of the author of the "Star-Spangled Banner." The flowers are from large to very large, with sixty or more petals opening to a high center. The color is a magnificent deep red rose. Grand for the garden.

The plants will be sent you at the proper time to set out in open ground in your locality, and each collection will contain full instructions for planting and care.

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Tangled Trails

(Continued From Page 13.)

that did this killin'," he drawled. "Anyhow, we'll sleep on his trail for a moon or two."

They shook hands on it.

CHAPTER XVII.
IN DRY VALLEY.

IF KIRBY had been a properly authenticated detective of fiction he would have gone to his uncle's apartment, locked the door, measured the rooms with a tape-line, found imprints of fingers on a door panel, and carefully gathered into an envelope the ashes from the cigar his uncle had been smoking. The data obtained would have proved conclusively that Cunningham had come to his death at the hands of Brahmin of high caste on account of priceless gems stolen from a temple in India. An analysis of the cigar ashes would have shown that a subtle poison, unknown to the Western World, had caused the victim's heart to stop beating exactly two minutes and twelve seconds after taking the first puff at the cigar. Thus the fictional ethics of the situation would have been correctly met.

But Kirby was only a plain, outdoors Westerner. He did not know the conventional method of procedure. It did not even occur to him at first that Apartment 12 might still have secrets to tell him after the police and the reporters had pawed over it for several days. But his steps turned back several times to the Paradox as the center from which all clews must emanate. He found himself wandering around in that vicinity trying to pick up some of the pieces of the Chinese puzzle that made up the mystery of his uncle's death.

It was on one of these occasions that he and Rose met his cousin James coming out of the apartment house. Cunningham was a man of admirable self-control, but he looked shaken this morning. His hand trembled as it met that of his cousin. In his eyes was the look of a man who has suffered a shock.

"I've been sitting alone for an hour in the room where Uncle James met his death—been arranging his papers," he explained. "It began to get my nerve. I couldn't stand it any longer. The horrible thing kept jumping to my mind." He drew his right hand heavily across his eyes, as tho to shut out and brush away the sight his imagination conjured.

His left arm hung limp. Kirby's quick eyes noticed it.

"You've hurt yourself," Lane said.

"Yes," admitted James. "My heel caught on the top step as I started to walk down. I've wrenched my arm badly. Maybe I've broken it."

"Oh, I hope not," Rose said quickly, a warm sympathy in her vibrant young voice. "A broken arm's no fun. I find it an awful nuisance."

The janitor of the Paradox came out and joined them. He was a little Japanese well on toward middle life, a small-featured man, with small, neat feet.

"You feelum all right yes now?" he asked, directing his slant, oval eyes toward Cunningham.

"Yes, I've got over the nausea, thanks, Shibo." James turned from the colored man to the others. "Shibo was at the foot of the stairs when I caught my heel. He gathered up the pieces. I guess I was all in, wasn't I, Shibo?"

The Jap nodded agreement. "You heap sick for minute."

"I've been worrying a good deal about this business of Uncle James, I suppose. Anyhow, I've had two or three dizzy spells lately. Nothing serious tho."

"I don't wonder. You sit at a desk too much, James. What you need is exercise. If you'd get in the saddle a couple o' hours a day an' do some stiff ridin' you'd quit havin' dizzy spells. Sorry you're hurt, old man. I'll trail along with you to a doctor's."

"Not necessary. I'll be all right. It's only a few blocks to his office. Fact is, I'm feeling quite myself again."

"Well, if you're sure. Prob'ly you've only sprained your arm. By the way, I'd kinda like to go over Uncle's apartment again. Mind if I do? I don't reckon the police missed anything, but you can never tell."

James hesitated. "I promised the chief of police not to let anybody else in. Tell you what I'll do. I'll see him about it and get a permit for you. Say, Kirby, I've been thinking one of us ought to go up to Dry Valley and check things up there. We might find out who wrote that note to uncle. Maybe some one has been making threats in public. We could see who was in town from there last week. Could you go? Today? Train leaves in half an hour."

Kirby could and would. He left Rose to talk with the tenants of the Paradox Apartments, entrained for Dry Valley at once, and by noon was winding over the hilltops far up in the Rockies.

He left the train at Summit, a small town which was the center of activities for Dry Valley. Here the farmers bought their supplies and here they marketed their butter and eggs. In the fall they drove in their cattle and loaded them for Denver at the chutes in the railroad yard.

There had been times in the past when Summit ebbed and flowed with a riproaring tide of turbulent life. This had been after the round-ups in the golden yesterday when every other store building had been occupied by a saloon and the rattle of chips lasted far into the small hours of night. Now Colorado was dry and the roulette wheel had gone to join memories of the past. Summit was quiet as a Sunday afternoon on a farm. Its busiest inhabitant was a dog which lay in the sun and lazily poked over its own anatomy for fleas.

Kirby registered at the office of the frame building which carried on its false front the word HOTEL. This done, he wandered down to the shack which bore the inscription, "Dry Valley Enterprise." The owner of the paper, who was also editor, reporter, pressman, business manager, and circulator, chanced to be in printing some dodgers announcing a dance at Odd Fellows' Hall. He desisted from his labors to chat with the stranger

The editor was a fat, talkative little man. Kirby found it no trouble at all to set him going on the subject of James Cunningham, Senior. In fact, during his stay in the valley the Wyoming man could always use that name as an "open sesame." It unlocked all tongues. Cunningham and his mysterious death were absorbing topics. The man was hated by scores who had been brought close to ruin by his chicanery. Dry Valley rejoiced openly in the retribution that had fallen upon him

"Who killed him?" the editor asked rhetorically. "Well, sir, I'll be dawged if I know. But if I was guessin' I'd say it was this fellow Hull, the slicker that helped him put thru the Dry Valley steal. 'Course it might 'a' been the Jap, or it might 'a' been the nephew from W[illegible]ing, but I'll say it was Hull. We know that cuss Hull up here. He's one bad package, that fat man is, believe me. Gunningham held out on him, an' he laid for the old crook an' got him. Don't that look reasonable to you? It sure does to me. Put a rope round Hull's neck an' you'll hang the man that killed old C. J."

Lane put in an hour making himself persona grata, then read the latest issue of the "Enterprise" while the editor pulled off the rest of the dodgers. In the local news column he found several items that interested him. These were:

Jim Harkins is down in Denver on business and won't be home till Monday. Have a good time, Jim.

T. J. Lupton is enjoying a few days' vacation in the Queen City. He expects to buy some fancy stock at the yards for breeding purposes. Dry Valley is right in the van of progress.

Art Jelks and Brad Mosely returned from Denver today after a three days' visit in the capital. A good time was had by both. You want to watch them, girls. The boys are both live ones.

Oscar Olson spent a few days in Denver this week. Oscar owns a place three miles out of town on the Spring Creek road.

Casually Kirby gathered information. He learned that Jim Harkins was the town constable and not interested in land; that Lupton was a very prosperous cattleman whose ranch was nowhere near the district promoted by Cunningham; that Jelks and Mosely were young fellows more or less connected with the garage. The editor knew Olson only slightly.

"He's a Swede—big, fair fellow—got caught in that irrigation fake of Hull and Cunningham. Don't know what he was doin' in Denver," the newspaper man said.

Lane decided that he would see Olson and have a talk with him. Incidentally, he meant to see all the Dry Valley men who had been in Denver at the time Cunningham was killed. But the others he saw only to eliminate them from suspicion. One glance at each of them was enough to give them a clean bill so far as the mystery went. They knew nothing whatever about it.

LANE rode out to Olson's place and found him burning brush. The cattleman explained that he was from Wyoming and wanted to sell some registered Herefords.

Olson looked over his dry, parched crops with sardonic bitterness. "Do I look like I could buy registered stock?" he asked sourly.

Kirby made a remark that set the ranchman off. He said that the crops looked as tho they needed water. Inside of five minutes he had heard the story of the Dry Valley irrigation swindle. Olson was not a foreigner. He had been born in Minnesota and attended the public schools. He spoke English idiomatically and without an accent. The man was a tall, gaunt, broad-shouldered Scandinavian of more than average intelligence.

The death of Cunningham had not apparently assuaged his intense hatred of the man or the bitterness which welled out of him toward Hull.

"Cunningham got his! Suits me fine! Now all I ask is that they hang Hull for it!" he cried vindictively.

"Seems to be some doubt whether Hull did it," suggested Kirby, to draw him on.

"That so? Mebby there's evidence you don't know about." The words had come out in the heat of impulse, shot at Kirby tensely and breathlessly. Olson looked at the man on the horse and Lane could see caution grow on him. A film of suspicion spread over the pupils beneath the heavy, ragged eyebrows. "I ain't sayin' so. All I'm dead sure of is that Hull did it."

Kirby fired a shot point-blank at him. "Nobody can be dead sure of that unless he saw him do it."

"Mebbe some one saw him do it. Folks don't tell all they know." Olson looked across the desert beyond the pal-

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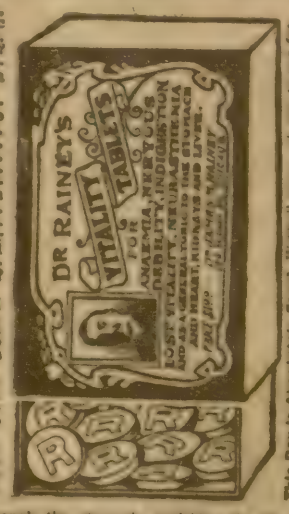
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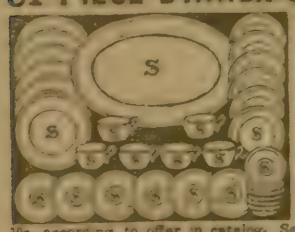

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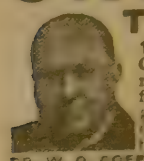

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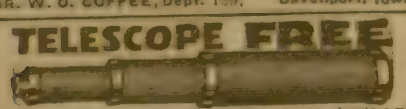

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pitating heat waves to the mountains in the distance.

"No. That's tough sometimes on innocent people, too."

"Meanin' this nephew of old Cunningham. He'll get out all right."

"Will he? There's a girl under suspicion, too. She had no more to do with it than I had, but she's likely to get into mighty serious trouble just the same."

"I ain't read anything in the papers about any girl," Olson answered sullenly.

"No, it hasn't got to the papers yet. But it will. It's up to every man who knows anything about this to come clean."

"Is it?" The farmer looked bleakly at his visitor. "Seems to me you take a lot of interest in this. Who are you, anyhow?"

"My name is Kirby Lane."

"Nephew of the old man?"

"Yes."

Olson gave a snort of dry, splenetic laughter. "And you're out here sellin' registered Herefords."

"I have some for sale. But that's not why I came to see you."

"Why did you come, then?" asked the Scandinavian, his blue eyes hard and defiant.

"I wanted to have a look at the man who wrote the note to James Cunningham threatenin' to drygulch him if he ever came to Dry Valley again."

It was a center shot. Kirby was sure of it. He read it in the man's face before anger began to gather in it.

"I'm the man who wrote that letter, am I?" The lips of Olson were drawn back in a vicious snarl.

"You're the man."

"You can prove that, o' course."

"Yes."

"How?"

"By your handwritin'. I've seen three specimens of it today."

"Where?"

"One at the court-house, one at the bank that holds your note, an' the third at the office of the 'Enterprise.' You wrote an article urgin' the Dry Valley people to fight Cunningham. That article, in your own handwritin', is in my pocket right now."

"I didn't tell them to gun him, did I?"

"That's not the point. What I'm gettin' at is that the same man wrote the article that wrote the letter to Cunningham."

"Prove it! Prove it!"

"The paper used in both cases was torn from the same tablet. The writin' is the same."

"You've got a nerve to come out here an' tell me I'm the man that killed Cunningham." Olson flung out, his face flushing darkly.

"I'm not sayin' that."

"What are you sayin', then? Shoot it at me straight."

"If I thought you had killed Cunningham I wouldn't be here now. What I might know somethin' about it. I didn't come out here to trap you. My idea is that Hull did it. But I've made up my mind you're hidin' somethin'. I'm sure of it. You as good as told me so. What is it?" Kirby, resting easy in the saddle with his weight on one stirrup, looked straight into the rancher's eyes as he asked the question.

"I'd be likely to tell you if I was, wouldn't I?" jeered Olson.

"Why not? Better tell me than wait for the police to third-degree you. If you're not in this killin' why not tell what you know? I've told my story."

"After they spotted you in the court-room," the farmer retorted. "An' how do I know you told all you know? Mebbe you're keepin' secrets, too."

Kirby took this without batting an eye. "An innocent man hasn't anything to fear," he said.

"Hasn't he?" Olson picked up a stone and flung it at a pile of rocks he had gathered fifty yards away. "How do you know he hasn't? Say, just for argument, I do know somethin'. Say I practically saw Cunningham killed an' hadn't a thing to do with it. Could I get away with a story like that? You know darned well I couldn't. Wouldn't the lawyers want to know how come I to be so handy to the place where the killin' was, right at the very time it took place, me who is supposed to have threatened to bump him off myself? Sure they would. I'd be tyin' a noose round my own neck."

"Do you know who killed my uncle?" demanded Lane point-blank. "Did you see it done?"

Olson's eyes narrowed. A crafty light shone thru the slitted lids. "Hold yore hawsses. I ain't said I knew a thing. Not a thing. I was stringin' you."

Kirby knew he had overshot the mark. He had been too eager and had alarmed the man. He was annoyed at himself. It would take time and patience and finesse to recover lost ground. Shrewdly he guessed at the rancher's state of mind. The man wanted to tell something, was divided in mind whether to come forward as a witness or keep silent. His evidence, it was clear enough, would implicate Hull; but, perhaps indirectly, it would involve himself, too.

"Well, whatever it is you know, I hope you'll tell it," the cattleman said. "But that's up to you, not me. If Hull is the murderer, I want the crime fastened on him. I don't want him to get off scot free. An' that's about what's goin' to happen. The fellow's guilty, I believe, but we can't prove it."

"Can't we? I ain't sure o' that." Again, thru the narrowed lids, wary guile glittered. "Mebbe we can when the right time comes."

"I doubt it." Lane spoke casually and carelessly. "Any testimony against him loses force if it's held out too long. The question comes up, why didn't the witness come right forward at once. No, I reckon Hull will get away with it—if he really did it."

"Don't you think," Olson snapped out. "They've pretty nearly got enough now to convict him."

The rough rider laughed cynically. "Convict him! They haven't enough against him even to make an arrest. They've got a dozen times as much against me an' they turned me loose. He's quite safe if he keeps his mouth shut—an' he will."

Olson flung a greasewood shrub on a pile of brush. His mind, Kirby could see, was busy with the problem before it. The man's caution and his vindictive desire for vengeance were at war. He kenw something, evidence that would tend to incriminate Hull, and he was afraid to bring it to the light of day. He worked automatically, and the man on horseback watched him. On that sullen face Kirby could read fury, hatred, circumspection, suspicion, the lust for revenge.

The man's anger barked at Lane. "Well, what you waitin' for?" he asked harshly.

"Nothin'. I'm goin' now." He wrote his Denver address on a card. "If you find there is any evidence against Hull an' want to talk it over, perhaps you'd rather come to me than the police. I'm like you. If Hull did it I want him found guilty. So long."

He handed Olson his card. The man tossed it away. Kirby turned his horse toward town. Five minutes later he looked back. The settler had walked across to the place where he had thrown the card and was apparently picking it up.

The man from Wyoming smiled. He had a very strong hunch that Olson would call on him within a week or ten days. Of course he was disappointed, but he knew the game had to be played with patience. At least he had learned something. The man had in his possession evidence vitally important. Kirby meant to get that evidence from him somehow by hook or crook.

What was it the man knew? Was it possible he could have killed Cunningham himself and be trying to throw the blame of it on Hull? Was that why he was afraid to come out in the open with what testimony he had? Kirby could not forget the bitter hatred of Cunningham the farmer cherished. That hatred extended to Hull. What a sweet revenge to kill one enemy and let the other one hang for the crime!

A detail jumped to his mind. Olson had picked up a stone and thrown it to the rock pile—with his left hand.

Now that the finger of suspicion points to the apparently innocent Kirby Lane, to "Wild Rose," the Hulls, possibly at Oscar Olson and the mysterious Phyllis, as the slayer or slayers of James Cunningham, Sr., with the two Japs doubtlessly within the premises when the murder was committed, the reader must form his own opinion as to the actual perpetrator of the crime, which at this stage of the story is far from being solved. Another big installment next week.

A Monkey and the Lion.

A Monkey who was traveling around one day in search of something to eat espied the half of a cocoanut lying on the ground before him. He made a dive for it, and was caught in the trap by the tail. For five minutes he made a great fuss over it, and then came a Lion, who asked:

"My friend of the hop, skip and jump, what's the matter with you?"

"Why, my tail has been caught in the jaws of this trap!" was the answer.

"Yes, I see, and it's bad business. How are you going to get it out?"

"I am going to depend upon you to bite my tail off."

"Then that will make you a bob-tailed monkey," was the reply.

"I can't help it. Please give me a bite."

The Lion bit the Monkey's tail off, and released him from the trap, and, as he walked about, he said:

"My friend, I don't know who you are. When you had a tail on you, you were a monkey. Now that you have lost it, you may be a wild cat or a rabbit. I think it best to eat you."

And, thereupon, despite the squeals of the Monkey, the last morsel of him became food for the Lion.

Moral: Don't think everything you see is for you. A Monkey might better lose his tail than his life.

Eating Garlic Once a Crime.

DESPITE its curative powers—not to speak of its association with grand opera—garlic has had many bitter enemies. In ancient Egypt the priests refused entry to the temples to any one smelling of garlic, and the Greeks held it in such abhorrence that they were accustomed to place it on the piles of stones at the crossroads as a supper for Hecate, the goddess of the infernal regions.

In medieval Europe, too, the detestation in which the bulb was held was often displayed, and in some of the royal courts it was a serious offense to eat it.

Alphonse, king of Castile, instituted in 1368 an order of knighthood called the Order de la Bande, the members of which were not permitted to eat either garlic or onions under pain of exclusion from the court.

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Rill O' the River

(Continued From Page 7)

you going to promise, sweetheart?"

The moon madness and the witchery of the night had set Nell's pulses bounding.

"I promise, Dave," she whispered.

* * * * * * *

It was the day of Nell's graduation.

Slow, triumphant music. The march of the graduates. Pretty girls with fluffy white dresses peering out from the somber lengths of their black gowns. Serious-faced, handsome young men, row upon row of them, marching in stately procession across the green-arched stage. There was a lump in Rill's throat and a mist in her eyes.

Then it seemed to her the music flared even more triumphantly—Nell was walking across the stage. Just as Nell started she had flung a look back at Rill. Over a sea of faces Rill caught that brave, teary smile of gratitude.

It was enough.

Nell held her certificate of graduation in her hands—the rolled bit of parchment for which the other girl sold her immortal soul.

Rill hurried out.

The mist still floated before her eyes. She wanted to get home and think it over. Three days more and Nell would be leaving for her summer tour. Then it was Albuquerque for Rill and a chance to get well and to—forget.

"I've got enough to get along on by myself and I'll go straight," she told herself, and she fitted her latchkey to the closed door of their apartment.

A hand was on her shoulder.

"You're Rilletta Burns."

She looked up into the eyes of a big man. As she looked he flapped back the lapel of his coat and she saw his star.

"You're wanted down in Davenport on the charge of killing Jake Dabney. And after you're thru answering that charge there'll be a dozen more here for you to think about."

CHAPTER VIII.

IN EVERY GAME—A WINNER AND A LOSER.

OUR grip upon life is, after all, very slight, and our hold upon public opinion most unstable.

The most famous of earth mortals slips over the great brink. There's a ripple, a little whirling eddy, then the tides of the world flow smoothly on.

The infamous? It is all the same. The talk of the hour, a seven-day sensation. A brief, juicy morsel for the scandalmongers, and the procession of life marches serenely on, unchanged and unmoved by that which was once one human being's all.

We are but atoms, and like atoms we are tossed about.

* * * * * * *

The newspapers vied with each other for a week describing with shrieking headlines and at length the discovery of a murderess living in one of the city's most fashionable apartment houses. Human interest stories filled thousands of dollars' worth of space detailing the search for Rill Burns which had lasted four years after Jake Dabney had been killed.

Then the newspaper humorists turned the full force of their sarcasm upon an uncomfortable detective and described how a woman outwitted him and made her escape.

For Rill got away.

They were on Walnut street. The plainclothes man strutted along in insufferable egotism over his capture. He had Rill in close tow, their destination unmistakably the police station.

Suddenly, in front of an alleyway, the girl turned upon the man, scratching and clawing and biting like a tigress in her rage. It was like a tiny, inoffensive puppy suddenly attacking a big egotistical St. Bernard.

Rill shrieked, "Help! Help!"

She fought. How she fought!

Men and women came running.

"He insulted me," the girl screamed.

There was the wild pell mell of an excited, mad mob. Arms and legs intertwined as they fought—and no one knew just what he was fighting for.

The detective emerged. One eye was temporarily closed. His clothing was disheveled and his torn coat hung awry. A tipsy, sad-looking star revealed his real station in life.

Tho even the star had lost its dignity, it served to interpret the volley of oaths the man turned loose upon a startled and crestfallen mob.

And Rill?

Well, Rill had gone.

It was another mystery added to the long list that the police would never solve.

As for the girl's roommate—Nell, Rill had kept herself so completely in the social background that the name of Nell Brinton did not even once appear in the resultant scandal.

Besides, Nell Brinton, well-known young mezzo-soprano, university graduate and social leader—well, Nell Brinton had powerful friends, and her own past record was an open book.

To be sure, she could not escape unscathed. There will always be a something when her name is mentioned, a something which will go like this: "Le's see? The young Mrs. David Olivington Ryan? Oh, yes, beautiful, isn't she? What was it about her years ago, some connection with a girl who killed a man in Davenport and got away from the police. Now what was that story? I just don't seem to remember it straight ——" After all, what real and lasting scandal could be lodged against an Olivington-Ryan?

There was never a clew as to Rill's whereabouts. And yet there was a clew, altho police headquarters never knew about it.

The clew came in a plain white envelope, addressed to David O. Ryan, Jr. It bore a postmark, "Davenport."

Inside this envelope was a smaller envelope with these words upon it: "Give this to Nell."

In the quiet of her own room Nell read in Rill's scrawling, misspelled, almost indecipherable writing these words:

I suppose you know all about it by now. I killed Jake Dabne and I'm glad of it. If I'd known as much then as I know now I'd have killed him the first time he looked at me.

I'm going to take my pay. I'm going to take it right after I finish this letter. But I'll never spend another night in jail.

I'm not sorry to go. Life's kind

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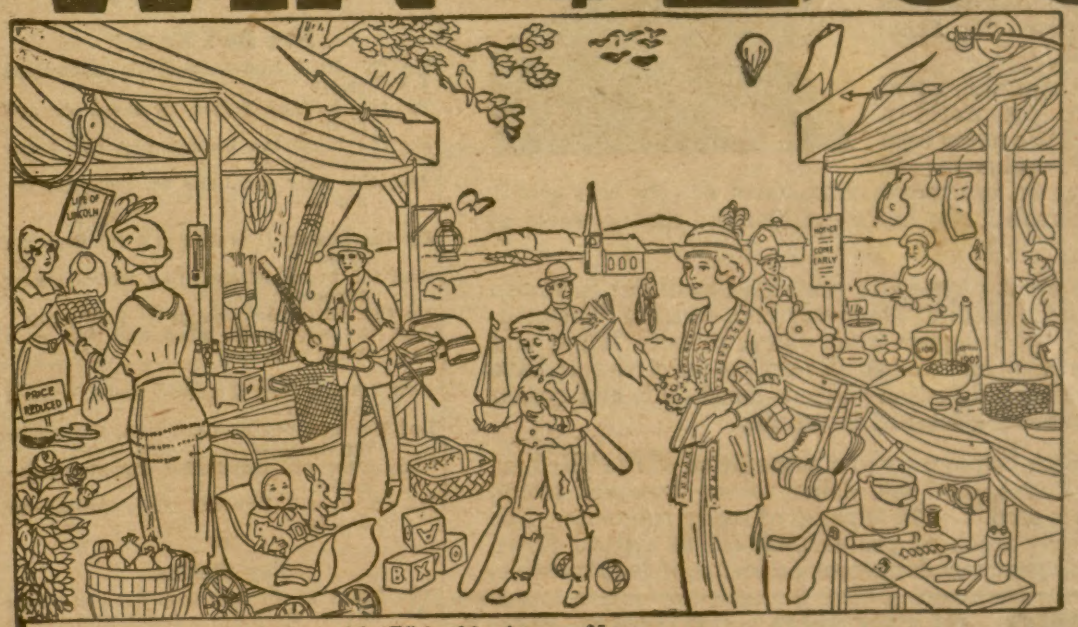

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Find the objects beginning with "B" in this picture. None are hidden. You can find them all. Largest and nearest correct list takes the First Prize. Send your list in QUICK

Open to Everybody Just send in a list of all the objects in this picture beginning with letter "B" (such as baby, bonnet, bill.) Win one of the 15 cash prizes. It's easy. Somebody's going to win First Prize. Why not you?

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Look at the wonderful prize list. If your answer is awarded First Prize and you have taken no subscription to Woman's Weekly, you win $50. (See first column Prize List.) If your answer wins First Prize and you have subscribed to Woman's Weekly for three months, you get $500. (See second column Prize List.) If your answer wins First Prize and you have taken a six month's subscription, you get $1,000. (See third column Prize List.) But if you have taken a year's subscription, the First Prize would bring you $2,000. (See fourth column Prize List.) Only new or renewal subscriptions sent in during the contest period qualify.

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2nd Prize	20	250	500	1000
3rd Prize	10	125	250	500
4th Prize	10	60	125	250
5th Prize	10	40	75	150
6th Prize	6	25	50	100
7th Prize	6	20	40	80
8th Prize	6	15	30	60
9th Prize	2	10	20	40
10th to 15th	2	10	20	40

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Read These Rules Carefully:

1 Any man, woman or child, living in America who is not an employe or related to an employe of Woman's Weekly, may submit an answer. There is no entrance fee.
2 All answers must be received not later than office closing time, March 20, 1922.
3 Write lists of words on one side of paper and number all words (1, 2, 3, etc.). Write full name and address on each page in the upper right hand corner. If you have anything else to write, use separate sheet.
4 Only words that appear in the English dictionary will be counted. Do not use obsolete words. Where the plural of a word is used, the singular will not be counted, and vice versa.
5 Words of the same spelling will be counted only once, even though used to designate different objects or articles. An object or article can be named only once.
6 Do not use compound words, nor words formed by the combination of two or more complete English words, where each word is in itself an object.
7 The answer having the largest and nearest correct list of names of visible objects and articles shown in the picture that begin with the letter "B" will be awarded first prize, etc. Neatness, style or handwriting have no bearing on the decision of prizes.
8 Candidates may co-operate in answering the puzzle, but only one prize will be awarded to any one household; nor will prizes be awarded to more than one of any group of persons where two or more have been working together.
9 If a contestant sends more than one list under the same name, or assumed name, or a pre-married name, then all lists of such contestants will be disqualified. If more than one list is sent by any group who have co-operated in the preparation of such lists, then all lists of such contestants will be disqualified.
10 Three independent judges, having no connection with Woman's Weekly, will judge the answers submitted and award the prizes at the end of the contest, and contestants agree to accept the decision of the judges as final and conclusive.
11 In case of tie for any prize offered, full amount of such prize will be awarded to each tying contestant.
12 All answers will receive the same consideration regardless of whether or not a subscription for Woman's Weekly is sent in.
13 The announcement of the winners will be printed in Woman's Weekly as soon as possible after the close of the contest.

(Extra enlarged copies of Puzzle Picture sent free on request)

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WOMAN'S WEEKLY, 431 So. Dearborn St., Dept. 4102, Chicago, Ill.

of "dinky" anyway, and I never had a chance. But you've got a chance, Nell. Take it and then, when you can, just pass it on. That's the only thing worth while, girl—passing it on.

I'm not afraid tonight. I'm happier than I've ever been before. I read in a book once there in the flat about a great lawyer. He made what he called his plea for the prisoner and then he said, "I rest my case."

I feel like that tonight, Nell.

I've made my plea—to Almighty God. I'm not afraid to rest my case. Good-by.

That was all.

THE high tide of the year on the great river.

Boats, utility crafts and barks of pleasure plowed their dutiful or gay paths along the old Mississippi.

A slatternly woman came to the door of a little houseboat despicably sordid and reeking foully with evil smells.

She spat.

"I'd like to know where in h—l Rill landed?" the woman queried.

An unbelievably unkempt man who lounged against the rickety railing answered the query:

"Hard tellin'," said he. "But Rill's safe and sound and don't you worry. She come by her tricks nateral, Lord knows. Kate Burns, her ma, was the slickest little Moll that ever played up and down this old river."

"Let's see, Pete, we was along about here some place when Rill was born?" It was the old woman who spoke.

"Yep. Long about here. But the river'll never see her again. I'll bet she went when the goin' was good, an I'll stake my hat she's still a-goin'. No, the old Mississipp will never see Rill again."

But the old man was wrong. The stately Mississippi did see Rill again, and it holds her now in the grip of its powerful, winding, swirling arms.

For, like the great fish that comes back to die at its spawning place, so Rill's earthly chapter closed near the spot that had given her birth.

* * * * * * *

A train pulled into the yards just south of the Union Depot just as a luxurious, enclosed automobile stopped at the station's entrance arches.

A tall young man leaped out of the car and swung a radiant, blushing young girl down beside him.

"Thank you, Stevens," he said to the man at the wheel of the big car.

Then the tall young man hustled the radiant girl thru the station and to the waiting train, while the man at the wheel of the car watched with sentimental eyes. "All the world loves a lover."

In the shadow of a truck piled high with baggage the two young people waited.

"We've eluded them so far," the young man whispered. "Another couple of minutes and we'll hop on the train. All right, Nell, now for it."

But they were too late.

A joyous bunch of young people pounced upon them from here, there and everywhere. There was a shower of rice. A gay flinging of old shoes.

Passengers laughed, leaned forward, craning their necks to see the fun.

With a flying leap Dave and Nell made the rear end of the train. There they stood, leaning over the railing.

The train started.

There was a last shower of rice. The last "Good Luck" shouts. The last hand wavings.

The track became two receding shimmering ribbons of steel that merged together at the end. The faces of their friends lost themselves in one cheering, waving medley.

Another little bark of life had started, carrying two precious passengers, their hearts aflame with the rapture of the future.

"Sweetheart!" The man said it with all the tender emphasis that lovers of all generations have used. "Our chance to be happy is here."

"Our chance to be happy," the girl whispered, her eyes aglow, while for just one instant the face of another girl floated before her vision—the face of a girl who never had a chance, would never have a chance for happiness.

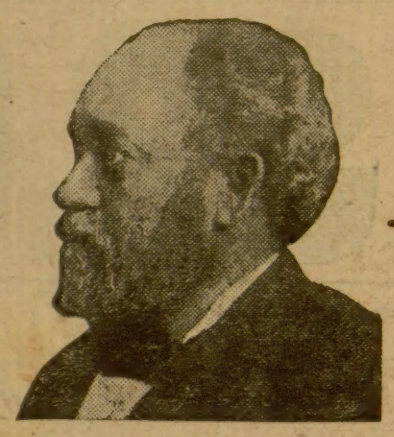
And then the Comfort came to Nell, the Comfort that was always to be here whenever poignant memories of Rill came sweeping over her.

For Nell knew that that other girl had rested her case before the Great Judge in whose hands not one lone soul's appeal remains ungranted.

THE END.

❦ ❦ ❦

A Successful Man



Among the notable professional men of this country who achieved great success along strictly legitimate lines was Dr. Pierce. Devoting his attention to the specialty of women's diseases, he became a recognized authority in that line. His work, "The Common Sense Medical Adviser," is now in three million homes in this country and Europe. At one time Dr. Pierce represented his home district in Congress.

Over fifty years ago, this noted physician gave to the world a Prescription which has never been equalled for the weaknesses of women. Many women in every hamlet, town or city will gladly testify that Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription did them a world of good.

Another of this great physician's successful remedies is known as Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery and, like the "Prescription," is now sold by druggists everywhere, in both liquid and tablets. The list of men and women all over the universe who have successfully used it for indigestion and as a blood tonic and system builder, makes an amazing total of thousands.

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FREE!

This is Betty Blue Eyes—the most lovable doll you ever saw. She is almost human, for she can walk, go to sleep, and cry out loud. There are some dolls that can do one of these things, some another, but Betty Blue Eyes can do all three. Did you ever before hear of such a wonder doll?

And, besides, she has soft brown hair that you can comb and curl, and the cutest little dress that you can take off and put on. Won't it be heaps of fun to waken Betty Blue Eyes from her sleep, spank her if she cries (for she really can cry out loud), and then get her all ready to take a walk?

Our Wonderful Free Offer to You

All you need to do is to send us your name and address saying you want Betty Blue Eyes for your own. We will then send you 8 beautiful pictures—copies of famous paintings to distribute among your friends and neighbors on our easy plan. You can easily do this the same day you get the pictures. For doing this, we will send you, FREE and POSTPAID, beautiful Betty Blue Eyes—the wonderful walking, sleeping, crying doll. Sit right down and mail your name to us TODAY!

Address DOLL DEPT. "J."

W. D. BOYCE CO., 500 N. Dearborn St., CHICAGO, ILL.

For Ledger Girls and Boys

How Do I Know?

HOW do I know that it's Christmas time?
By the holiday ripple of laughter and rhyme,
By the mistletoe branch and the berry wreath
And the jolly red bells that dangle beneath.

By the beautiful words and the dancing eyes,
And the break of each day with its new surprise;
By the glittering tree in its fine array
And the sad made glad and the poor made gay.

Now I know that the snow and the holly must go
But I'm wishing so hard—Oh, I'm wishing it so—
That after the wonderful Christmas departs,
Its spirit will live all the year in our hearts.

❦

Dog Stories.

WHERE is the boy who does not love dogs? Here are a few little stories for the boy or girl who delights in a pet.

Lion was a big black dog, whose master used to send him to the postoffice every morning for his letters. When the clerk saw the shaggy head at the window he would put the letters in Lion's mouth and away the dog would trot, never losing a piece of mail. One day when coming home from the postoffice he saw a piece of cake on the sidewalk. Now, Lion was very fond of cake, and he was very hungry; but if he put the letters down some one might run off with them, for he was on a busy street. The shaggy head was still for a minute, indicating deep thought. Then Lion dropped the letters carefully upon the pavement, placed one bib paw upon them and ate the cake with evident relish and enjoyment.

In the same street there lived another dog who did not share Lion's popularity. The owner of the dog had a little girl who taught Prince to carry her doll. Prince became so fond of the doll that he would snatch it up and carry it to his kennel, where he would lie down beside it. The other little girls in the neighborhood at first thought this was fun and they would ask the dog's owner: "Please may your dog come and take my doll for a walk?" Alas, now Prince snatches the dolls from the little mothers and runs off to his kennel. He never harms them, carrying them by their clothes. One day he brought four dolls home. Prince is no longer a favorite. His reputation as a friend of the children is gone. He does not wait to be asked to take Miss Dolly walking, but off he runs with her without the owner's consent.

* * *

Colonel William F. Cody (Buffalo Bill) used to tell of a dog that traveled with his shows, and he would say that it was the most ill-tempered beast in the world, and no wonder! He had good reasons for his bad humors, don't you think? He slept in the ticket wagon. Every night before he was shut up the ticket seller gave him a bone, which the dog promptly concealed in a hole which he dug under the wagon. Then the dog went to bed, probably dreaming of the lovely bone that he would find in the hole the next morning, and never realizing that while he slept the ticket wagon was rolling over the road to a new stop. The next morning when the dog went out to find his bone it was gone. Was he mad? He thought some one had stolen his precious bone and his temper became so ugly that it would not be safe to go near him for several hours. Sometimes the show would stay in one place for several days and then, of course, the dog would find his buried bones the next morning. That dog planted bones all over the country and the greater part of Europe and he lost ninety-nine out of every hundred!

❦

Something to Make Thinkers Think.

Beheadings.

237—1. Behead the countenance and have a single spot on card or die.
2. Behead something which happens and have an outlet.
3. Behead to consume and have a receptacle for tea or coffee.
4. Behead the back part and have an organ of the body

Four-word Square.

238—1. To cause anything to curve.
2. Always.
3. A cruel Roman Emperor.
4. A small particle of fluid.

Film Favorites.

239—
1
3-8 of an ancient Roman coin, value about 4c.
3-4 of a hard fat.
2-5 of a great musician.
1-6 of a color.
2-5 of a town in Ohio.
3-5 of to expect.

2
3-7 of one of the U. S. A.
1-5 of a bird.
2-7 of a flower.
2-9 of a vegetable.
3-4 of a catalogue.
1-6 of a fish.

3
2-5 of a jewel.
1-5 of a fruit.
2-9 of a town in New Jersey.
2-5 of a musical instrument.
1-6 of a man's name.

ANSWERS TO LAST WEEK'S PUZZLES.

234—Some Similar Sounds.

1. Air, ere, hair; 2. Cent, sent, scent; 3. Fain, fane, feign; 4. Meat, meet, mete; 5. Raise, raze, rays; 6. For, fore, four.

235—Charade.

Dubious (dew-bee-us).

236—Four-word Square.

W A S H
A S I A
S I L L
H A L T

It is not desired that readers send in the answers to the puzzles. They are offered simply as brain teasers, and the correct answers will be printed the following week.

CLASSIFIED WANT ADS

MOTORCYCLES

DON'T PAY $50 FOR BICYCLES WHEN WE can sell you first class motorcycles from $50 to $100. Bicycle tires, $1.00; new non-skid Ford tires, $5; motorcycle tires, $5; tubes, $1.25. Bicycles, motorcycles, tandems at factory prices. Talking machines at half price. Records, 20c. Ball bearing skates, $1. Send stamps for catalogues. Deninger Price Cutter, Rochester, N. Y.

LADIES' SHOES

LADIES THAT WEAR NARROW OR SMALL shoes, we have beautiful black, brown or grey high heel shoes, sizes 2 to 8 triple A's to B width. Send no money; pay postman $1.49. If not a wonderful bargain will refund money. Order at once, size and color wanted, supply is limited. Turk Bros., Tulsa, Oklahoma.

FARM LANDS

FREE GOVERNMENT LANDS—OUR OFFICIAL 112-page book, "Vacant Government Lands," lists and describes every acre in every county in U. S.; tells location, plase to apply, how secured free. 1922 diagrams and tables, new laws, lists, etc.; price 50 cents postpaid. Webb Publishing Co., Dept. 108, St. Paul, Minn.

OLD COINS

$2,500.00 FOR ONE DOLLAR. MR. MANning of Albany, N. Y., received this amount from us for one silver dollar. You may not have this dollar but we buy all other rare coins and pay high cash premiums. Send 4c. Get large coin circular. It will pay you to be posted. Send now. Numismatic Bank, Dept. 12, Fort Worth, Tex.

OKLAHOMA RANCH FOR SALE

960 ACRES GOOD LAND. 285 ACRES under cultivation. Will sell at big sacrifice. Clear title. Write owner. John Taft, Speermore, Okla.

POULTRY

BABY CHICKS, EGGS, FIVE VARIETIES. Catalog free. Goshen Poultry Farms, R. 32, Goshen, Indiana.

CLASSIFIED WANT ADS

Information-- The rate for one insertion in The Saturday Blade and one insertion in the Chicago Ledger is 35 cents a word, minimum 14 words, less 3% for cash. Each initial and group of figures is counted as a word, and the name and address are also counted. This is the minimum rate; neither more nor less is charged, irrespective of size or number of insertions. An ad may appear in both publications of the same week, or in the Blade of one week and the Ledger of the next.

W. D. BOYCE CO., Publisher, 500-514 N. Dearborn St., CHICAGO.

SALESMEN WANTED

EASY TO SELL GROCERIES, PAINTS, AUtomobile oils, roofing, stock food to consumers from samples; no capital or experience necessary; steady, profitable work. Commissions advanced. Satisfaction guaranteed; 50 years in business. Write for full particulars. Loverin & Browne Co., Wholesale Grocers, 1759 So. State St., Chicago, Ill.

AGENTS WANTED

TAILORING EXPLOSION. COMPETITION knocked out. $35.00 suits for $22.50 including a good profit for you. You get your profit the minute you take the order. Big swatch line of samples, carrying case, etc. Costs us $8.00. Sent for $1.00 deposit. Hustlers making $75.00 a week. Territory going fast. Send $1.00 for outfit today. State experience. A. M. Ward, Dept. 318, 4th floor, 835 W. Adams St., Chicago.

AGENTS: MAKE $75 A WEEK EASY SELLing our strictly all wool made-to-measure suits at $26.50. You collect profits in advance and keep them. We supply finest selling outfit in America. Many exclusive money-making features. Tailoring, raincoat and side line men, part or full time, get in touch with us immediately. Address Dept. 744 Goodwear, Inc., 843 W. Adams St., Chicago.

SHOES—LET US START YOU WITHOUT a cent of capital in our direct-to-consumer agency, taking orders for the best shoes money can buy. Catalogs with your name on the front cover sent to your customers. Big money-making opportunity. Whole or part time. No experience necessary. For particulars address Tanners Shoe Mfg. Co., 116 South St., Boston, Mass.

AGENTS WANTED—YOU CAN WORK YOUR home town and vicinity and earn from $4 to $10 per day introducing a special household necessity. The finest article on the American market. We have a special proposition to offer either ladies or gentlemen. The first to write us will be accorded first consideration for your locality. Address the Rothrock Stores, Inc., Box 298, Tyrone, Penna.

SELL MINITMEND FOR TIRES AND tubes; cost 2c repair; surpasses vulcanizing; save 500 per cent; every auto and accessory dealer buys; profits amazing; Shaw made $21 first day; Hart $155 first week. Particulars and free sample. Colonial Rubber Co., 1142-44 N. Hancock St., Desk 40, Philadelphia, Penn.

FREE TO PORTRAIT MEN—NEW LIVE monthly publications devoted to the interests of independent portrait men will be sent you absolutely free of charge. Only periodical of its kind published. Information of vital interest to you in every issue. Send your name today. The Magnet, Dept. C-12, Westerville, Ohio.

FOUNTAIN PEN GIVEN FREE. 14K SELF-filling gold fountain pen with your name engraved on it in gold letters given free with your order for sample outfit of our wonderful hosiery. Write today for our offer; our hosiery sells on sight. Our agents are making $10 a day. Sternberg & Company, 1482 Broadway, New York.

AGENTS: $5 TO $15 DAILY EASY. YOUR pay in advance introducing new style guaranteed hosiery. Must wear or replaced free. No capital or experience required. Just show samples. Write orders. We deliver and collect. Elegant outfit furnished, all colors and grades, including silk. 404 Mac-O-Chee Mills Co., Cincinnati, Ohio.

PORTRAIT AGENTS—$50,000 "PICTURE Man Friedman" made canvassing. Free circular, "Profits in Portraits," tells how. 24 hour service prints, finished portraits, frames. Credit extended. Samples free. "Picture Man Friedman," Dept. 1, 127 N. Dearborn, Chicago.

AGENTS WANTED—TO SELL EX DONO hair pomade. Straightens kinky hair, promotes hair growth, removes dandruff, relieves itching. Quick sales, big profits, repeat orders. Write us at once and start the $$$$ coming your way. Mark Twain Laboratories, 101, Hannibal, Mo.

AGENTS—NEW INVENTION. HARPER'S Ten-Use brush set and fibre broom. It sweeps, washes and dries upstairs windows, scrubs and mops floors and does 5 other things. Big profits; easy seller. Free trial offer. Harper Brush Works, Dept. B, Fairfield, Iowa.

150% PROFIT FOR CANVASSERS TO INtroduce our wonderful silver cleanser to the housewife. To cover cost of mailing send ten cents in stamps for sample can and full particulars on selling proposition. Shi-Nup Products Co., Racine, Wis.

AGENTS: $10 TO $15 DAILY; EVERY OWNer wants initials on side doors of his automobile; applied while waiting; sale, $1.50; profit, $1.38; write for agency, special offer, free samples. Transfer Monogram Company, Desk B, 191 Market street, Newark, N. J.

MEN AND WOMEN MAKE $100 UPWARDS weekly selling greatest labor and money saving household necessity. Big repeater. Good crew managers proposition. Free sample and particulars. Rolly Co., C-1, Hastings, Nebraska.

AGENTS TO EARN BIG PROFITS WITH our quick-selling non-alcoholic extracts, toilet articles and household necessities. Open territory. No money required. We trust you. Hurry! Write today. Dept. 134, The Linro Co., St. Louis, Mo.

BIG MONEY AND FAST SALES. EVERY owner buys gold initials for his auto. You charge $1.50, make $1.35. Ten orders daily easy. Write for particulars and free samples. American Monogram Co., Dept. 104, East Orange, N. J.

AGENTS—MAKE A DOLLAR AN HOUR. Sell Mendets, a patent patch for instantly mending leaks in all utensils. Sample package free. Collette Mfg. Co., Dept. 707-C, Amsterdam, N. Y.

MEN'S SHIRTS. EASY TO SELL. BIG DEmand everywhere. Make $15.00 daily. Underselling stores. Complete line. Free samples to workers. Chicago Shirt Co., 208 So. LaSalle, Factory 103, Chicago.

$15 DAILY AND MORE FOR MEN AND women, selling new guaranteed household necessity. Women go wild about it. New agent sold 100 in two days (profit $75.00). Box 718, Springfield, Ill.

LARGE SHIRT MANUFACTURER WANTS agents to sell complete line of shirts direct to wearer. Exclusive patterns. Big values. Free samples. Madison Mills, 503 Broadway, New York.

AGENTS WANTED—(Continued)

SALES AGENTS WANTED IN EVERY county to give all or spare time. Position worth $750 to $1500 yearly. We train the inexperienced. Novelty Cutlery Co., 23 Bar St., Canton, Ohio.

WE PAY $36 A WEEK AND EXPENSES and give a Ford auto to men to introduce poultry and stock compounds. Imperial Co., D32, Parsons, Kan.

A BUSINESS OF YOUR OWN—MAKE sparkling glass name plates, numbers, checkerboards, medallions, signs; big illustrated book free. E. Palmer, 502, Wooster, Ohio.

AGENTS—NEW PATENTED CURTAIN ROD, necessity in every home; big profit; 4 to 10 sales at every house. Write for free sample. Home Curtain Rod Co., Providence, R. I.

AGENTS — I'VE A NEW SOAP GAME that's a dandy. New stuff; 100% profits. Sample and full layout free. Write quick. Lacassian Co., Dept. 21, St. Louis, Mo.

BIG PROPOSITION: SOMETHING NEW IN portraits. Agents wanted. Deal with factory direct. Write for catalogue. Southern Art Co., Oak Park, Ill.

WE PAY $200 MONTHLY SALARY, FURnish rig and expenses, to introduce our guaranteed poultry and stock powders. Bigler Company, X520, Springfield, Illinois.

EASY MONEY SELLING TO COLORED people. Write for our attractive proposition. Marcellene Chemical Company, 620 Main, Richmond, Va.

AGENTS—MAKE BIG MONEY SELLING dress shoes. From factory to wearer. No collections or delivery. Write for details. Marshall Shoe Co., Atlanta, Ga.

AGENTS—OUR SOAP AND TOILET ARticle plan is a wonder. Get our free sample case offer. Ho-Ro-Co., 125 Locust, St. Louis.

HELP WANTED

WANTED—MEN, WOMEN, AGE 17 TO 65, for United States Government positions. Experience unnecessary. Write today for free information. Chicago Civil Service College, Department B-51, Chicago.

EARN $10 DAILY SILVERING MIRRORS, plating and refinishing metalware, autos, chandeliers, bedsteads. Outfits furnished. Y. Decie Laboratories, 286 Fifth avenue, New York.

BECOME GOVERNMENT RAILWAY MAIL clerks. $133-$192 month. Steady. Men—boys, over 17. List Government positions free. Write today sure. Franklin Institute, Dept. B 26, Rochester, N. Y.

EVERY READER OF THE LEDGER OUGHT to read these ads. Every week splendid chances to make money—to better yourself—to buy, sell or exchange goods or services, are offered here.

INTELLIGENT MEN AND WOMEN EARN $1.00 and over per hour part or full time work. Address Samoline Corporation, 2134 N. Clark St., Chicago, Ill.

MAKE $60 WEEKLY. BE INDEPENDENT. Men and women wanted in every town to sell our goods. Address, General Supply Company, Box 82, Huntington, Indiana.

STOP DAILY GRIND. START SILVERING mirrors, auto headlights, tableware, etc. Plans free. Clarence Sprinkle, Dept. 2, Marion, Indiana.

MALE HELP WANTED

BE A RAILWAY TRAFFIC INSPECTOR: $110 to $250 monthly, expenses paid after 3 months' spare-time study. Splendid opportunities. Position guaranteed or money refunded. Write for free booklet, CM-12 Stand. Business Training Inst., Buffalo, N. Y.

BE A DETECTIVE, EXCELLENT OPPORtunity to earn big money, travel, thousands of dollars offered in rewards, established 1909, particulars free. Write to C. T. Ludwig, 320 Westover Bldg., Kansas City, Mo.

FIREMEN, BRAKEMEN, BAGGAGEMEN, electric motormen, conductors, sleeping car and train porters (colored). Railroads everywhere. $140-$200. 686 Railway Bureau, East St. Louis, Ill.

MEN—AGE 17 TO 45. EXPERIENCE UNnecessary. Travel; make secret investigations, report. Salaries; expenses. American-Foreign Detective Agency, 126, St. Louis.

MEN WANTED TO MAKE SECRET INVEStigations and reports. Experience unnecessary. Write J. Ganor, Former Gov't Detective, 100, St. Louis.

MEN WANTED TO QUALIFY FOR FIREmen, brakemen, experience unnecessary. Transportation furnished. Write W. Boggess, 102 St. Louis.

DETECTIVES EARN BIG MONEY. GREAT demand everywhere. Experience unnecessary. Write, American Detective System, 1968 Broadway, New York.

BE A DETECTIVE, $50-$100 WEEKLY; travel over world; experience unnecessary. American Detective Agency, 1000 Lucas, St. Louis.

ALL MEN, WOMEN, BOYS, GIRLS, OVER 17, willing to accept Government positions, $135, write Mr. Ozment, 106, St. Louis.

BECOME DETECTIVE AND DO SECRET work in your town. National Detective Agency, Youngstown, Ohio.

BECOME RAILWAY MAIL CLERKS. $1600. List positions free. Franklin Institute, Dept. B6, Rochester, N. Y.

GOV'T POSITIONS OPEN—MEN, WOMEN. Honesty required; good pay to start. Write T. McCaffrey, St. Louis.

FEMALE HELP WANTED

$25 WEEK. BECOME MILLINERY DEsigners. Hundreds needed for Easter. Fascinating. Learn at home while earning. Samples lessons free. Write immediately. Franklin Institute, Dept. B 804, Rochester, N. Y.

WOMEN AGENTS SELL SHOLL'S SANItary specialities and waterproof aprons. Wonderful seller. Liberal commissions. Sholl Rubber Products, Dept. B, 2708 N. Western Ave., Chicago.

WOMEN-GIRLS. BECOME MILLINERY DEsigners. Earn $125 month. Sample lessons free. Write immediately. Franklin Institute, Dept. A-804, Rochester, N. Y.

WOMEN—GIRLS. LEARN GOWN DESIGNing. $35 week. Learn while earning. Sample lessons free. Franklin Institute, Dept. B 505, Rochester, N. Y.

BUSINESS OPPORTUNITIES

$5,000 YEARLY INCOME PAID THOUsands of people who invested in Texas oil lands. They made the start. $2 may start you making $200 monthly, possibly more. You get warranty deed to land with interest in well and participating interest in entire subdivision. Results count. Bank reference, established facts free. Write today. Sourlake Texas Oil Co., 611 Dementl, St. Louis, Mo.

FREE MAP, MEXIA, LIMESTONE COUNTY, Texas. Latest gusher field. Wonderful opportunity. Write for free map & information on a Mexia syndicate paying large monthly cash dividends. Schimmel Co., Suite 1572, Neil P. Anderson Bldg., Fort Worth, Texas.

$2.00 MONTHLY BUYS DEED TO LAND and interest in oil wells that should pay $100 for each $2.00 invested. Write for particulars. Texas Gulf Company, 633 First Nat'l Bank, Houston, Texas.

INVEST $50 IN A SECURITY PAYING 4% monthly dividends, with possibilities your $50 will become worth $1,000 to $2,000. For particulars write Navajo Refining Co., 1224 Busch Bldg., Dallas, Texas.

INVEST SAFELY IN CONCERN WHOSE earnings past three years exceeded 50% yearly. Particulars free. Leonard, New York Block, Seattle, Wash.

MEDICAL

SUFFERERS FROM KIDNEY AND BLADder trouble, causing backache, nervousness, tired and worn out feeling, frequent desire to urinate, smarting and burning. Do not suffer any longer but write us for free symptom blank and advice. Hinze Medical Institute, 22 Washington Ave. So., Minneapolis, Minn.

WE WANT MEN SUFFERING FROM ANY weakness, chronic, nervous, skin, kidney or bladder disease to write us for free advice. Interesting book, symptom blank and advice free, sealed. Dr. Ries Company, Suite 210 & 211, Baltimore Building, St. Paul, Minn.

PILES, FISTULA, ULCERATION, CONSTIpation, bleeding, itching, cured at home. Trial free. S. Tarney, Auburn, Ind.

PATENTS

INVENTORS DESIRING TO SECURE PATents should write for our guide book, "How to Get Your Patent." Send model or sketch and description for our opinion on its patentable nature. Randolph Co., Dept. 174, Washington, D. C.

PATENTS—SEND FOR FREE BOOK. CONtains valuable information for inventors. Send sketch of your invention for free opinion of its patentable nature. Prompt service. (Twenty years' experience.) Talbert & Talbert, 601 Talbert Bldg., Washington, D. C.

FOR SALE

ARTIFICIAL EYES $3. BOOKLET FREE. Denver Optic, 566 Barclay, Denver, Colo.

MOVING PICTURE BUSINESS

LARGE PROFITS DAILY MADE IN THE business. Openings everywhere. Small capital starts you. Complete outfit sold on installments. No experience needed. Our machines are used and endorsed by Government institutions. Catalog free. Atlas Moving Picture Company, Morton Building, Chicago.

TRICKS—GAMES

"SAWING LADY IN HALF," COMPLETE instructions free. Circular for stamp. Hunter, 1525 Baker St., Detroit.

MAGIC GOODS, BOOKS, CARDS, LODEstone tricks. Catalog free. B. I. Smith Co., Newark, Mo.

STORIES WANTED

STORIES, POEMS, PLAYS, ETC., ARE wanted for publication. Submit MSS or write Literary Bureau, 500, Hannibal, Mo.

SONG POEMS WANTED

SONGS AND POEMS WANTED. WE COMpose music, publish, sell and pay you five cents royalty on every copy sold. Melody Publishing Corp., Dept. A, Boot Building, Buffalo, N. Y.

WRITE A SONG POEM—LOVE, MOTHER, home. Comic or any subject. I compose music and guarantee publication. Send words today. Edward Trent, 649 Reaper Block, Chicago.

SONG POEMS WANTED—EXCEPTIONAL opportunity. Criticism free. Postage, please. Mack's Song Shop, Palestine, Ill.

OF INTEREST TO WOMEN

HEMSTITCHING AND PICOTING ATTACHment, works on all sewing machines, easily adjusted. Price $2.00 with instructions. Ladies' Art Sales Co., Box 71-A, Hamtramck, Michigan.

HEIRS WANTED

ESTATES SEEKING CLAIMANTS; YOU MAY be one of them; send 2-cent stamp for descriptive circulars. International Claim Agency, 62, Pittsburgh, Penna.

TOBACCO

HOMESPUN CHEWING & SMOKING TObacco. 6 lbs., $1.25; 10 lbs., $2.50; 20 lbs., $4.25. Farmers Union, Mayfield, Ky.

TOBACCO—SELECTED LEAF TO CHEW OR smoke; 10 lbs., $3.00; 5 lbs., $1.60. Postpaid. Walter Crews, Dresden, Tenn.

PERSONAL

WEAK, NERVOUS, RUN DOWN MEN; IF you get up in the morning with a dull brain, tired nerves, and ache in the back, a dread of the toil and hardships of every day life, these are signs that some of the organs or functions of your body are not in a healthy condition and should have attention at once. We cure chronic, nervous, kidney, bladder diseases. Book, symptom blank and advice free. Dr. Meyers, 316 Nicollet Ave., Minneapolis, Minn.

MEN WHO ARE LOSING OUT IN LIFE can find a marvelous remedy and restoration in 808 Tablets—the wonderful 48-hour medicine. Different from anything ever heard of. Holds world's record. $1 per box. Particulars and wonderful testimonials free. 808 Chemical Co., Dept. G, Pittsburg, Kan.

LOVING LADY WORTH $25,000, WANTS kind husband. Club, Box 55, Oxford, Fla.

MARRY—MANY WEALTHY MEMBERS. Send no money. New Plan Club, Dept. $1, Kansas City, Mo.

PERSONAL—(Continued)

MEN—OUR TREATMENT NEVER FAILS to restore strength to those troubled with nervous, weak, run-down and despondent conditions that undermine good health. Costs nothing if not cured. Write for free book. Cumberland Chemical Co., 33 Berry Block, Nashville, Tenn.

MARRY. THOUSANDS CONGENIAL PEOple, worth from $1,000 to $50,000 seeking early marriage; descriptions, photos, introductions free. Sealed. Either sex. Send no money. Address Standard Cor. Club, Grayslake, Ill.

"JUNGGESELLEN-ZIRKEL," A CLUB FOR Germans and German-Americans, who demand big and positive results. If you desire a German wife, who knows how to operate a frying pan, write me at once (stamp). George Grigoleit, Box 491, Chicago, Ill.

THOUSANDS ANXIOUS TO MARRY. Worth to $100,000. Confidential descriptions free in plain sealed envelope. Satisfaction guaranteed. Long established, reliable, trustworthy. Peoples Club, Box 94, Los Angeles, California.

MEN WHO ARE LOSING OUT IN LIFE, caused from weak, nervous, rundown condition, try Castleberrys Pills. Sample and wonderful testimonials free. Alfred Castleberry, Columbus, Ga.

SORE LEGS WILL HEAL UNDER ANTI-Flamma Poultice Plaster. Describe case and get free sample. Bayles Distributing Co., 1856 Grand Ave., Kansas City, Mo.

MARRY—MARRIAGE DIRECTORY WITH photos and descriptions free. Pay when married. The Exchange, Dept. 28, Kansas City, Mo.

MANY WEALTHY, CONGENIAL AND REfined members seeking marriage, particulars free. Reliance A Club, Box 376, Los Angeles, Calif.

MARRY, BEST, LARGEST, ESTABLISHED 16 years. Thousands wealthy members. Old Reliable Club, Mrs. Wrubel, Box 26, Oakland, Calif.

WORLD'S LEADING MATRIMONIAL CLUB —Thousands worth $5,000 to $400,000, willing to marry. List sent free. Honorable Ralph Hyde, 86, San Francisco, California.

I HAVE MADE THOUSANDS HAPPY. READ my "Golden Thoughts of Happiness." Price 25 cents. Henry Waythomas, 287 Andrew street, Rochester, New York.

WOULD YOU WRITE A WEALTHY, pretty girl? Stamped envelope, please. Lillian Sproul, Station H, Cleveland, Ohio.

MAGIC WORDS! SECRET; SURE METHOD of obtaining your desires. Postpaid for dime. Smedley, 140 Miller, Brooklyn, N. Y.

RANCHER, WORTH $80,000, WANTS WIFE. Ladies, write. (J-B) Club, Cimarron, Kansas.

MARRY! FREE DIRECTORY WITH DEscriptions and photos. Bonafide Co., Dept. 5, Kansas City, Mo.

IF LONELY, WRITE BETTY LEE, 28 EAST Bay street, Room 19, Jacksonville, Florida. Stamp.

GET ACQUAINTED AND MARRY WELL. Send stamped envelope, Chicago Friendship Club, 2215 Broadway, Chicago, Ill.

BACHELOR GIRL, WORTH $50,000, WANTS husband. T-Box 325, Club, Fort Wayne, Indiana.

GENTLEMAN, 51, HAS $100,000, WOULD marry. V-Box 1134, League, Detroit, Michigan.

MARRY — LADIES AND GENTLEMEN; marry wealthy. Best plan going. Box 691, Burlington, N. C.

MARRY RICH—PAPER WITH HUNDREDS names, addresses, descriptions, also pictures 25c. Box 3317, Boston, Massachusetts.

GET MARRIED—BEST MATRIMONIAL PAper published. Free for stamp. Correspondent, Toledo, Ohio.

NAMES, ADDRESSES, DESCRIPTIONS OF ladies desiring marriage, 20c. Select Club, B., Box 166, Topeka, Kas.

LADIES, WOULD YOU WRITE A LONELY merchant? Do not hesitate. Box 787 Denison, Ohio.

ADDRESSES AND DESCRIPTIONS 80 LAdies wishing gentlemen correspondents. Sealed five dimes. Fireside Club, Perry, Iowa.

GET MARRIED—BEST MATRIMONIAL PAper published mailed free. American Distributor, Suite 627, Blairsville, Pa.

YOUNG POETS—SHORT POEMS READ AND criticized, 50c each. F. S. Farquhar, Livingston, California.

LADIES' AND GENTS' CLUB. SEND $1.00, results guaranteed. Grace Long, Moville, Iowa.

BEAUTIFUL ROSE BEADS FROM CALIfornia. Write today for circulars. D. D. Green, Leslie, Michigan.

CATHOLICS, WISHING TO MARRY, BOOKlet free. Address Home Club, L-Box 23, Grand Rapids, Mich.

MISSING PERSONS

A department devoted to aiding readers of the Blade and Ledger in finding lost persons.

In sending information to the Missing Persons Department for publication in the Blade and Ledger, please write the information in the following order:

1, your name; 2, your address; 3, relation, if any, to lost person; 4, lost person's name; 5, age; 6, where last heard from; 7, when last heard from; 8, occupation, if any; 9, description.

Our rate for inserting notice will be $1 for 35 words and 10c for every additional word in excess of 35. To reproduce a photograph there will be an extra charge of $1.

Address Lost Persons Editor, W. D. Boyce Co., 500 N. Dearborn St., Chicago, Ill.

Annie Melville Boyd, 84 Center street, Kingston, Ontario, Canada, John D. Melville's daughter, wishes Alexander, Will or Dave Melville to write to her. Alexander last heard of in South Chicago.

Bunion Pains Now a Thing of the Past

Marvelous Discovery Acts Like a Fairy's Touch on Suffering Feet

Pain Banished

How Thousands Are Relieved

Costs Nothing to Make the Simple Test

"WHAT does this mean? Is it really true that my torturing bunion pains can be relieved?" —you ask. "Yes," is the answer. "Relieved absolutely and you can prove it without expense."

Of course it seems unbelievable to those who have "tried everything" without success and now take it for granted that there really is no relief for bunions —that the victim must continue to endure the suffering which they bring.

But there is a way to banish those pains by means of this remarkable discovery which has already brought relief to thousands.

So remarkable have been the results produced by this wonderful method that its effect has been often compared to the touch of a fairy's wand, so quickly does it relieve the pain. And that is why the name of Fairyfoot has been given to it—and surely no name could be more appropriate.

No matter how long you may have endured the torment of a bunion—whether it is only a recent growth or one of those old veterans which for years has defied you to walk with comfort and has disfigured your foot until you may have felt keenly sensitive of its appearance—there is real help for you in Fairyfoot—and you may prove it for yourself—free.

What would you not give to see that pain quickly disappear? "Almost anything," you say. Then listen to this message of Fairyfoot, but first let us tell you just what bunions are so that you may clearly understand just how this discovery brings relief from the agonizing pain.

Wrong Notions About Bunions

One reason why bunions have been such a persistent source of misery to the human race is that there has been a wrong idea as to what causes them. Ask some people what makes the ugly lump and they will say that it must be a dislocated joint—that the foot must have suffered some injury which has caused the large toe to be thrown out of place. Others will tell you that it is an enlargement of the bone due, possibly, to some sort of irritation, while others think that it is a hard and permanent swelling, the cause of which is only to be guessed at.

But none of these surmises is entirely correct in view of the investigations of experts who have made foot troubles their study for years.

What Is a Bunion and What Causes It?

Bunions usually appear on the joint of the great toe; rarely on the joint of the little toe. They are caused by the pressure of a tight or short shoe. The pressure is usually gradual so that the coming of a bunion in the beginning is scarcely noticeable. Soon a twinge of pain is felt; then redness begins to appear around the joint; inflammation increases; a bunion is on the way.

Bunion cartilage commences to form. Before you realize it, you are a victim of a very annoying affliction.

Continued pressure causes irritation. The outer coating (periosteum) on the bones of this joint, produces more coating. Cell proliferation, or enlargement of the joint takes place. More and more of this cell growth is added, finally producing the homely enlargement. Thus, a well developed bunion is an accumulation of bone-like cartilage.

Pressure started the bunion. As the enlarged joint continues to increase in size, the pressure becomes greater. Therefore, pressure must be avoided. Frequently the removal of pressure will prevent a bunion from becoming more acute. The inflammation must also be subdued. When this has been accomplished relief should follow.

The dotted lines shown in diagram "A" denote the pain areas which result from allowing a bunion to continue its development. At first your pain is confined pretty closely to the bunion itself, but as the enlargement continues to grow, the pain area increases. Before long it extends to as far as indicated by the second dotted line and a continuation of growth means that it goes as far as the third dotted line and often causes shooting pains up the leg. Every bunion sufferer knows these agonies.

That is a condition which a bunion sufferer has to deal with. This is the condition which the discoverers of Fairyfoot realized must be dealt with before a truly efficient method could be devised.

The Fairyfoot Way for Bunions

We must look beyond mere symptoms, and realize the actual cause of the bunion.

Today instead of trying to get along with mere make-shifts like so-called protectors, toe spreaders or other means which have proved useless in so many cases, you simply take a thin little medicated plaster called Fairyfoot, apply it to your bunion and in a short time your pain disappears. You limp no longer, you suffer no more twinges of pain. The inflammation of the joint is gone and the pain has gone with it.

That is the secret of Fairyfoot. How simple it all seems now that it is told. But the greatest things are really the simplest, are they not?

You now see that with the advent of Fairyfoot Method a new light was thus thrown upon the relief for bunions. No longer is it necessary to guess and experiment at the expense of the sufferer, no longer need the attempt to bring relief be prolonged over periods so long that patience becomes exhausted and hope goes with it.

A Guarantee Which Says: "Not a Penny's Cost if Fairyfoot Does Not Bring Relief"

"Try Fairyfoot at our risk," has been the offer of the makers from the time this remarkable discovery was offered to the public.

And surely this is an offer which no sufferer can resist—which none should refuse, for if the "fairy touch" does not banish that excruciating pain—the money which has been paid for Fairyfoot will be refunded without argument or question.

"Shall I go on with this limping gait, suffering torturing pain and seeing this miserable trouble growing worse, when without risk or loss, I can try Fairyfoot which has brought such gratifying results?" is a question which every one with a bunion should ask himself.

No fairer offer was ever made than this. Simply mail coupon below for the free sample, or ask your druggist for a box of Fairyfoot. It must do all we promise or it costs you nothing.

Years of Success for Fairyfoot

Year after year Fairyfoot has been bringing relief to bunion sufferers. It has eased pain in cases which seemed chronic and hopeless. It has given its help quickly and surely. When you try Fairyfoot, therefore, you are not trying simply a fad or a new treatment, but a method which has made a real record of success. The mails are constantly bringing letters from people who express their gratitude for the way in which this remarkable method has eased their pains. Read the examples of these letters given below. What these former sufferers say is evidence which should surely bring the determination at least to try Fairyfoot.

Gratified Thousands Give Their Testimony

It is estimated that over 150,000 bunion sufferers find relief every year with this marvelous Fairyfoot method and the letters which tell of their satisfaction give evidence which none can doubt. But who, freed from bunion torment, would not write letters like the following:

Conquered the Pain Instantly

I wish to thank you for the relief I have had from your treatment. I am an elderly lady and have been troubled with bunions nearly all my life and am glad to say that from the time I began using your Fairyfoot I have never had a pain.

Shall surely recommend them to everyone I know troubled with bunions.

Yours sincerely,
MRS. SCOTT, 6439 Wade Ave., St. Louis, Mo.

Now Walks With Ease and Comfort

My bunions were of more than fifteen years' standing and I suffered agony until I started to use your Fairyfoot.

My foot is now restored and I walk around with perfect comfort. You can use my name as a testimonial as I can certify to the good your Fairyfoot has done me.

C. W. PAULK, Sellers, Ala., R. F. D. No. 1.

Fairyfoot Accomplishes Wonders

I'm sure I can't find words in the English dictionary that would fit to praise the wonderful work which Fairyfoot has done for me. I am very pleased with the remarkable results.

Sincerely,
MRS. E. WEEKS, 326 W. 52d St., N. Y. City.

After All Others Failed

You can use my name as much as you like in praise of Fairyfoot, for they are the very best thing I have found yet and I have tried everything. The soreness is all gone and the swelling nearly gone.

MRS. CHAS. T. MORSE, Walloomsac, N. Y.

Subdued the Inflammation

Every word you say in regard to Fairyfoot is truth. My bunions were very much inflamed and enlarged, could not wear shoes with comfort, used Fairyfoot and now can walk with ease.

GERTRUDE A. KOSER,
1620½ N. 5th St., Harrisburg, Pa.

No Other Remedy So Effective

In regard to your Fairyfoot, I wish to state that they are the greatest things I have ever seen. My bunion was so bad I could not even wear a shoe and there was a hole in it nearly to the bone. Now I can wear my shoe as usual and do not feel the bunion. You may use my name if you wish and I will gladly answer any letters sent to me as I cannot recommend them too highly.

B. T. MARSHALL, c-o N. Y. C. R. R., Louisiana St., Buffalo, N. Y.

Free Sample Sent to Prove It in Your Own Home

"We want every bunion sufferer to learn at our expense that Fairyfoot really does bring relief from pain," say the makers of this remarkably discovery. And you who are reading this advertisement can actually have this free sample simply by sending the coupon.

You can quickly learn how it banishes pain quickly from the most stubborn bunion, and all this without paying a penny. Surely it is worth your while to find out about Fairyfoot when you can do so on an offer like this.

Think of being able to walk, to stand, to play your favorite outdoor games without even a twinge of pain from that now suffering joint. Learn how all this can be brought about. There is no cost to you for free sample. There is no cost to you for asking us to send the proof that Fairyfoot actually does all we claim for it. Sign and mail the coupon today.

FOOT REMEDY COMPANY
2207 Millard Ave., Dept.-204, Chicago

FOOT REMEDY CO.,
2207 Millard Ave., Dept. 204, Chicago

I accept your offer to send FAIRYFOOT free so that I may learn without any cost or obligation what power it has to relieve me from bunions. I promise to use it as you direct.

Name .....

Address .....

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